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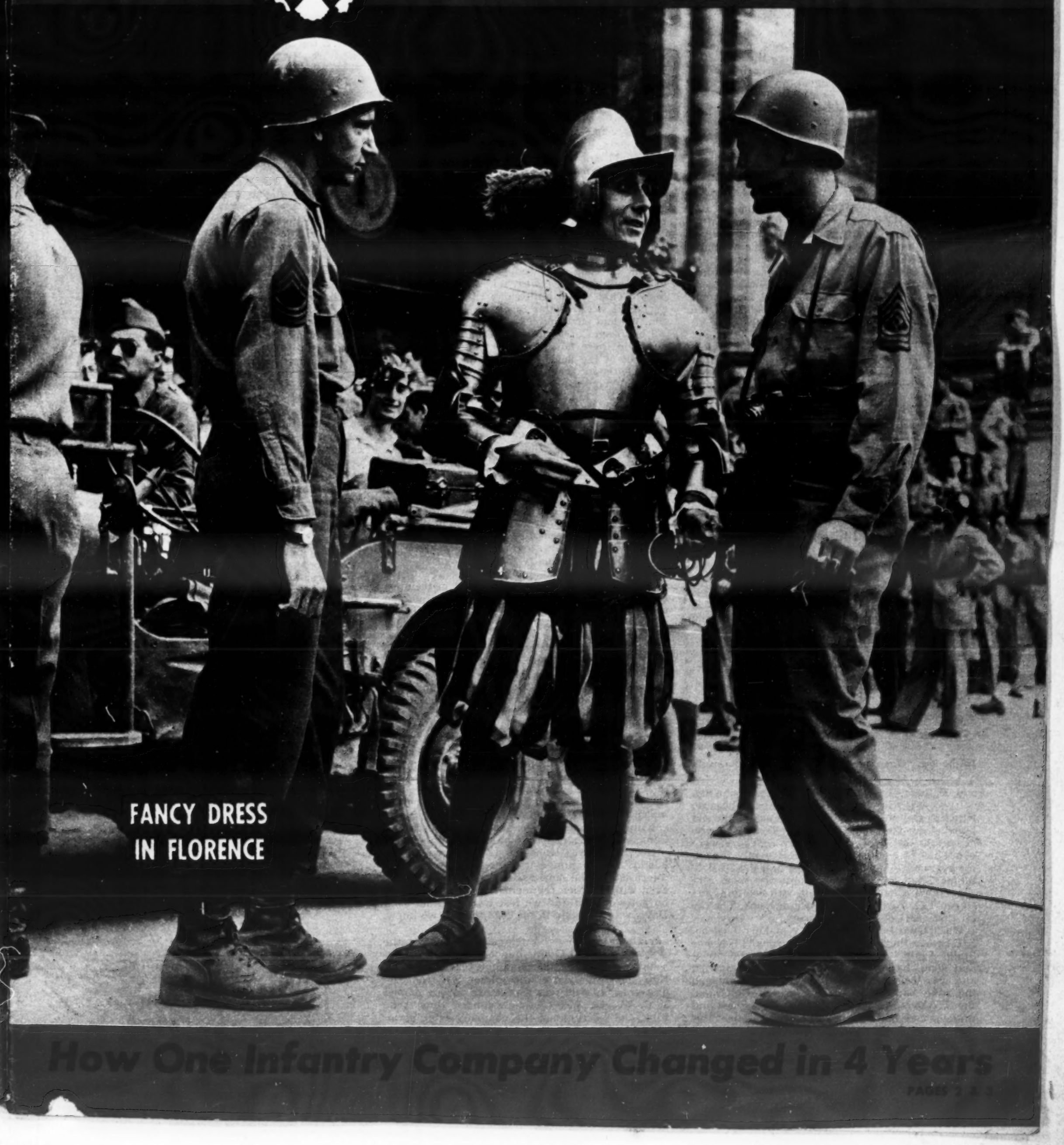
By the men . . . for the men in the service



FANCY DRESS IN FLORENCE

How One Infantry Company Changed in 4 Years

PAGES 2 & 3

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

They started out together at Fort Jackson back in the States and fought their way across Europe until the faces were no longer familiar and you could count the old men on the fingers of one hand.

MAASTRICHT, HOLLAND—We walked at five-yard intervals on either side of the concrete highway and watched without much interest the Typhoons and P-47s that were strafing something off to the left.

The planes went into long dives and pulled out in tight circles to come back and strafe again. The sound of their machine guns reached us long after they had pulled out of the dives. We glanced occasionally at the ready-made German foxholes, dug by impressed civilians and lining the road every 10 yards. They were chest deep and round, with dirt piled neatly beside them; but every one was smooth on the inside so we knew that Jerry had never used them.

We plodded along past wrecked vehicles and modern homes with well-kept yards, and glanced at the terrain off to our left where the war was. Dutch kids by the side of the road, wearing bright orange bows in their hair or on their jackets, reached for our hands.

"Good-bye," they said. They say that either way, whether you're going or coming, as a greeting or as a farewell.

Hutch was walking behind me.

Hutch is Mack Pierce, a mortar sergeant in F Company. He used to be in A Company, where he was a line sergeant, then an artificer and finally mess sergeant. He was a mess sergeant for 18 months, and then he went over the hill and got busted. He transferred to F Company after that, and they finally gave him three stripes again but he didn't care. He never did care much for things like that.

This was our anniversary—Hutch's and mine. We had been in the Army four years. We were members of the Tennessee National Guard, inducted Sept. 16, 1940, among the oldest of the "New Army." Today we were moving up to an assembly area where our outfit—the 30th (Old Hickory) Division—would get set for an attack.

It was a bright day, as days go here. The 2d Battalion was two parallel OD lines moving across the brow of a hill up ahead and swinging around the shaded curve behind us. They were leaving Maastricht, a fair-sized town taken two days before. Now — after France and Belgium

To the kids "Good-bye" meant greeting or farewell.

and Holland — they were headed for Germany.

I was with Hutch down in F Company because Hutch is the only line soldier left out of the old bunch from the highlands of east Tennessee who came into the Army as Company A. There were about 150 of us then. Now there are only four in the regiment. There's Hutch, down in the 2d Battalion. Then there's Porky Colman, a mess sergeant now; Charlie Grindstaff, still cooking; and Herman O. Parker, still driving a truck. They're all that's left of old A Company.

We started out in the Army at Fort Jackson, S. C., when they were singing the song "I'll Never Smile Again." Lord, we were sentimental about that song. I remember Hilton was just married and was leaving his new wife. Crockett slugged the juke box in the drug store at Columbia; Tommy Dorsey's arrangement came out soft and smooth, and Hilton cried. We were all privates then, going into the Army for a year.

Since then, Hilton's kid brother had become a tail gunner in a Fort and had gone down over France. Hilton got out of the Army and his wife had a baby on the same day. Hilton stayed out of the Army for two years. Now he's in the Navy somewhere. Crockett went from a basic private up to first sergeant and then to OCS. Now he's a first lieutenant in an infantry outfit over here.

HUTCH PIERCE and I walked up the road. Somebody—a replacement—sang briefly and then stopped. The infantry doesn't sing much, especially moving up. Not after St. Lo and Mortain, they don't sing much. The replacement chanted: "Or you might grow up to be a mule. Now, a mule is an animal with long funny ears."

Hutch and I talked along the way. When we got a break we lit K-ration cigarettes and tried to reconstruct A Company.

It was a picturesque outfit. Those originals were close-knit, clannish and independent as only hill people can be. It was a company with a heart and a soul. Its code was "Independence." Its motto, in our own language, was "take nothin' offen nobody." That was a philosophy that needed tempering. It works better in combat than in garrison. We had our troubles.

I had seen Col. Crumley in London. He's had a desk job there now since his lungs finally took him out of the field into the hospital. He was a first lieutenant when we went to Jackson, then company commander and then battalion commander. We talked about the old company before it broke up. Crumley was hard, but he loved the company. He was a better soldier than any of us, but he was proud of us—a man who lived by our philosophy and tempered it, too. We learned to take a lot, as the infantry does.

It has been three years since Crumley was with us as a company officer, but Hutch said: "When you're out here you appreciate a man like him."

We tried, Hutch and I, to tell each other what little we knew of the men who came in with us. The outfit had deteriorated slowly in the natural process of transfers and discharges, like an eroded hillside gradually falling away.

Harry Nave, the company clerk, went into the Air Forces as a cadet and got killed in training. Lardo Boring went into the Air Forces, too, and the last we heard, he had pulled his missions and was back home. Lardo used to be in the machine-gun section.

Earl Marshall went into the Paratroops, and so did Bill Longmire. Elmer Simerly was in the Airborne Infantry. Bill Potter went to OCS and the last we knew he was in New Guinea. Red Mason was a lieutenant over there somewhere. Ralph Snavely was one of the first to transfer out. He went down to the Southwest Pacific, too. Lucian Garrison went to Italy and got wounded, and so did Capt. Ritts. Ed Mottern was in Iceland for a long time but he's probably over here now.

Hutch had seen Pony Miller on the beach back in June. Pony is a first now, and an executive officer. Hutch said he'd heard that Howard Fair went in with the 1st Division on D-Day. Charles Hurt got his jaw broken on maneuvers just before A Company came overseas, so he stayed in the States.

Doc Sharp was transferred; he's down in the Islands with a jungle-training unit, still letting the cards fall the same as always. Jack Ellis came over with another regiment in the division, but he got wounded and we lost track of him. Fred Davis was a captain in the TDS the last we knew.

A COMPANY came to England with only 12 of the old National Guard bunch still left and just a few of our first and second batches of selectees. Now there's only one line soldier left from the first group of selectees we trained—a boy named J. C. Wright. Wright was wounded some time back, but he rejoined the company later as an acting platoon sergeant. Then they got a new lieutenant, and he and J. C. had an argument. J. C. is platoon guide now.

The outfit came to France on D-plus-9. Three weeks went by before they hit it rough. Then, on July 7, the regiment spearheaded the way across the Vire River and fought down through the hedgerows toward St. Lo.

It was a war foreign to the sage fields and pine thickets of South Carolina. It was a war from one piled-up mass of earth and shrubbery to another, with the Artillery blasting savagely and the infantry moving up 50 yards behind it. Those hedges are old, and the decay has built up at their base to form solid walls. Each one of them was a wall of fire, and the open fields between were plains of fire. The flanking hedges on either side belonged to him who could cover them.

Two of the boys from the hills stopped there. One of them was Bill Whitson, black-haired, with a face so dark that his teeth seemed whiter than they really were. He was built like a god—broad and tall. He lived like a happy devil, untamed and untameable. Whit never took anything very seriously. He moved with the corded grace of a panther, lethal and full of power. He could make the sling of his '03 rifle crack like gunfire when the leather hit the hardness of his hand.

Whit raised his head out of a foxhole and a piece of shrapnel caught him flush in the temple. He died somewhere northeast of St. Lo. Bull Bowers got hit there, too, the same day.

Bull is a big boy, almost pudgy, with round cheeks that are a perpetual cherry red. His name is James, but he's always been called Bull because when his voice changed it came out low, deep and throaty, so that whatever Bull said he said it in a rumble with a drawl.

Bull is easygoing. He never pushes anybody unless somebody pushes him. His make-up is not the make-up of a tough platoon sergeant. Bull's a platoon sergeant who swore softly rather often, but never with very much conviction.

So when they pulled Bull out of the foxhole, after the shrapnel had gone into him, he looked at his legs and then said to nobody in particular, without a great deal of violence and in a slow rumble: "Them gawdam sons o' bitches."

Bull was evacuated. Two days later Dale May left the outfit because of sickness. He had stomach trouble—ulcers or something.

Dale got to be a sergeant right after we came

Col. Franklin killed the Nazi tank crew with a .45.

My Old Outfit

into the Army because he was one of the few men in the outfit with service in the Regulars. He had pulled a hitch at Schofield Barracks, and he told us stories about the Old Army—of afternoons off, tailor-made khaki blouses, white gloves and chrome bayonets, and how he was pulling KP when his discharge papers came through and he could go back to the mainland.

Dale was a tech sergeant when he left A Company. The boys in the kitchen hear he's in a Quartermaster outfit now.

THE regiment's objective was the high ground to the west overlooking St. Lo. They took it, so they were a protective screen for the outfits that went into St. Lo itself. Then A Company moved south toward Tessy-sur-Vire.

On July 28, the regiment hit trouble. The next day the 1st Battalion went in to attack near a place called Le Mesnil Opac. There were hedgerows again, and a long slope exposed to observation and heavy fire. One of the men wounded in the action was Pfc. James R. Baines.

We always called him Beans. He had been a tech sergeant but had got busted. When he made platoon sergeant he told one of the boys who got another rocker with him: "Well, they made

The battalion said "Go to hell" to surrender talk.

everybody else, now they made us." That was back in the States. Nobody cared much for stripes back there any more than they do over here now. Too many people on your back, too much worry, too much bother.

Beans got hit by shrapnel and was evacuated. The next night Clyde Angel was killed.

Clyde was blond and fair. He talked with the nasal twang of east Tennessee. He was a mess sergeant and before that he had been a cook in the company, just as his brother Monk had been a cook for us before him. There were two other cooks, men who had come to the company later, who were killed with Clyde.

The kitchens were dispersed and everybody was dug in. Charlie Grindstaff said Clyde had the best shelter in the area. He and the other two dug a deep one and covered it with logs and dirt. Then Jerry came over, dropping big-stuff bombs that straddled the shelter. The concussion killed all three of them in the hole. A Company's kitchen was blown to hell. Now Porky is using the blackout tent of battalion headquarters for his cook tent. It's better than the old one.

The next night the regiment made its objective beyond Tessy-sur-Vire and later moved on to relieve elements of the 1st Division near St. Barthelmy. St. Barthelmy is close by Mortain, not far from the base of the Cherbourg peninsula. It was between Mortain and Avranches by the sea that our armor had roared southwest into Brittany after the break-through at St. Lo. At St. Barthelmy A Company gave everything it had. It was there that the regiment was hit—hard.

THE *SS* had counterattacked with tanks, and the German artillery was trying to cut through to split our forces in Normandy and Brittany. The Germans hit savagely. They ran over A Company and C Company. The regiment fought like animals with everything that would fire and then fought hand-to-hand with the German infantry that poured in behind the tanks.

Jerry almost made it. The fight went on for four days while the division struggled and gave ground but never broke. Then, on the fifth day, the power was gone and we went back into St. Barthelmy. The *SS* spearhead was blunted and then broken off. But Bud Hale was gone, and Ed Markland.

Bud was the top kick. He was a little guy with delicate hands and a skin that stretched tight across the cheekbones. His eyes were the eyes of all his family. At home the Hales have eyes that are all alike. Frances, Virginia, Luke, Sara, Bud, Mary, Nell and Sonny—they all have eyes that are their medium of expression. Bud played football at home the year we won the state championship and before. He was the kind of boy who drew people to him. Over here one of the new boys in the kitchen put it right: "We had to take the chow up to the line, and when I could see Bud I felt like the whole company was there."

After the *SS* ran over the company, Bud was listed as missing in action. So was Markland.

Ed and I were mortar corporals together for a long time, and our anniversary today would have been a great day for him. The division commander came around this morning presenting medals to a few officers and men in the regiment. The general order for the award of the Silver Star included T/Sgt. George Edward Markland "for gallantry in action in France."

The day after Angel was killed Ed's outfit had been held up by fire from a dug-in position. Ed crawled up ahead, "consistently exposed himself to murderous enemy mortar and artillery fire." We adjusted our own artillery on the strongpoint and the attack went on. Ed wasn't here to get in on the little ceremony by the road this morning, but he may catch the later one. A Company doesn't refer to Bud and Ed as MIA but as captured. Jerry got a lot of prisoners that day. Ernest Oaks was hit there, too.

When the *SS* overran our antitank positions and knocked out four of the guns, Oaks had to be evacuated. He had been in A Company for a long time—part of the triumvirate of Potter, Oaks and Russell. When we came into the Army none of them was 20. They were wild. They laughed and did insane things. Russell—we called him "Reb" although all of us are Southerners—was wide-eyed during our training on the machine gun. The nomenclature delighted him. One day the section sergeant had us naming the parts of the piece and he picked up a tiny pin and asked Reb to identify it.

Reb gazed thoughtfully at the pin.

"That," he said, "is the forward cam lever for the plunger guide on the barrel extension with the swivel pawl."

ST. BARTHELMY-MORTAIN was the division's great trial. It was infantry against armor, and the division fought for survival. Col. Frankland, the 1st Battalion's commander, saved his own CP by killing the crew of a German tank with his .45. Parts of five German *Panzer* outfits hit the division, striking along the main highways and the back roads. The division was committed to the last man. The artillery was overrun and fought as infantry. The engineers and cavalry were on the line. Thirty Jerry tanks were destroyed. The engineers got a Mark IV with a bazooka. An AT commander stopped another with a bazooka and killed the crew with a carbine as they tried to get out.

In the fog of the morning of Aug. 7, the regiment and division survived. Our artillery, TDs, rocket-firing planes and armor were thrown in to add strength to a line that was thin. A Company survived.

One battalion of a sister regiment was isolated for three days, cut off on a cliff and blasted mercilessly. When the Germans came forward under a white flag to talk surrender, the battalion said: "Go to hell."

OUR 2d Battalion—Hutch's outfit—helped get them out.

Hutch has had the experiences of a line soldier. A machine-gun bullet burned the back of his neck. The blast of Screaming Minnies cartwheeled him off his feet. A little piece of shrapnel cut across the top of his foot, but he didn't bother to have it treated.

Hutch laughed and said: "The damndest thing I've seen in combat happened that day. We went up after the battalion that was lost. There was a goat up there. He was a sorry-looking goat, sort of a dirty gray.

"Well, we were getting artillery, and every time a shell would come in this goat would dive for a foxhole. Then he would raise his head up and if he didn't hear anything he would come out. There were plenty of foxholes and he knew what they were for. He'd do it every time."

Both had stood all they could stand for a while.

We laughed at the picture of a bewhiskered goat in a foxhole. One infantryman said: "Yeah. The reason he beat me into one was because he had four legs and me just two."

A Company had two of our originals left in the line after St. Barthelmy. Now both of them are gone—perhaps to come back to the outfit, perhaps not to come back to it at all.

Both went back with fatigue, with nerve that had stood all they could stand for a while.

One of them left just a few days ago, after a river crossing that stirred up a fight. It was a fight like a dozen others the company has had. But it was one too many for him.

The other one who went back is a twin. He and his brother are identical. There were some of us who had soldiered with them every day and still couldn't tell them apart. They're squat and tow-headed and when they laugh their faces crease into a fan of wrinkles from the outside corners of their eyes. They grinned almost always, but when they got mad their lips quivered and they trembled all over, and we were surprised that they did. Not long before the company left the States, one of them was transferred and the other stayed on alone. But part of him was gone.

Yesterday, in a courtyard, Parker and I lay sprawled on the trailer of his jeep and watched as the infantry went past on the outside lane. It was a patrol coming in. "Hit anything?" somebody asked. A voice answered: "Nuh." The patrol went by silently.

"Was that some of us?" I asked Parker.

"Doggone," said Herman, "I don't know. I don't know anybody in the company any more."

Flimsy wooden houses in the town of Dulag, on Leyte, flare up like tinder.

Philippine Invasion Items

By YANK Staff Correspondents

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES — Miss Ann Saladana, who is 18 years old, was glad when the GIs came to her home town of Palo and chased out the Japs. She hates the Japs. She told a group of fascinated GIs that the Japs raided her home and seized her collection of dime comic books. The Japs used the comic books, she said, for toilet paper. "Gee," gasped a GI, "what a helluva thing to happen to Superman."

Also, Ann said, the Japs shot her dog and stole her grandma's pig. On the Fourth of July, in silent protest against the Jap occupation, she walked through the streets of Palo in a red-white-and-blue dress. For this she was put in jail, though she was soon released.

The Japs, Ann said, stole everything they could find. In reprisal, Ann stole bullets, clothing, food, anything she could carry, from the Japs. Also, she carried information to the Filipino guerrillas around Palo.

Then the guerrillas would come into Palo at night and steal the Japs' guns.

"The Japs," she said, "are bad soldiers. Always they go to sleep."

GENTLE. Pfc. Corn Lubo, former Syracuse (N.Y.) boxer, regarded the Japanese sword with sentimental attachment. He had killed 17 Japs to get it. "On the other hand," he reflected, "500 fish is a lotta dough. Maybe I should tell that Navy lieutenant I'll take it."

The fight occurred at a bridge near a small Leyte village which units of the 24th Division had taken. The Japs, disguised as Filipino citizens, crossed the bridge at night, then infiltrated into American lines.

Lubo stabbed two of the Japs to death when they approached the trailer under which he had been sleeping. He shot the other 15 with his M1 by coming up from the side while they were hiding in ambush.

"Some officers," said Lubo, "believe the jungle knife is good only for opening rations. It also comes in handy for stabbing Japanese."

UNSTOPPABLE. It seems that Pfc. Frank B. Robinson of Downey, Calif., has an aversion for pillboxes and knows what to do about them. On the day of the Leyte landing, Robinson, an infantryman of the 24th Division, was pinned down with his company a few yards beyond the beach by machine-gun and rifle fire from a Jap pillbox. Robinson crawled forward alone, circled the box, climbed on top of it and dropped four grenades through the port. Then he grabbed the red-hot barrel of the machine gun and pulled it out of position. He finished the job by emptying his tommy gun inside the box.

The company advanced 200 yards and was pinned down for a second time by fire from another pillbox. A flame thrower entered the fight but the fuel failed to ignite, so Robinson crawled forward, lighted a bundle of gasoline-soaked rags and tossed it through the port. That ignited the flame-thrower mixture. It also eliminated the Japanese position.

Minutes later, when fire from a third pillbox sent the company to the ground, a tank was brought forward. Its crew, however, failed to locate the pillbox, which was in a concealed position. So Robinson stood up and walked forward alone. When the Japs opened up on him, the tank returned the fire and destroyed the pillbox. Robinson was not injured.

There is talk of making him a T-5.

CELEBRATION. Two GIs on Leyte were invited to spend a night at the home of a Filipino and his wife. The Filipino promised them a treat and the GIs hoped maybe for a good meal. They got the meal all right but their host, exceeding their fondest expectations, also produced a long-hidden bottle of Old Crow whisky.

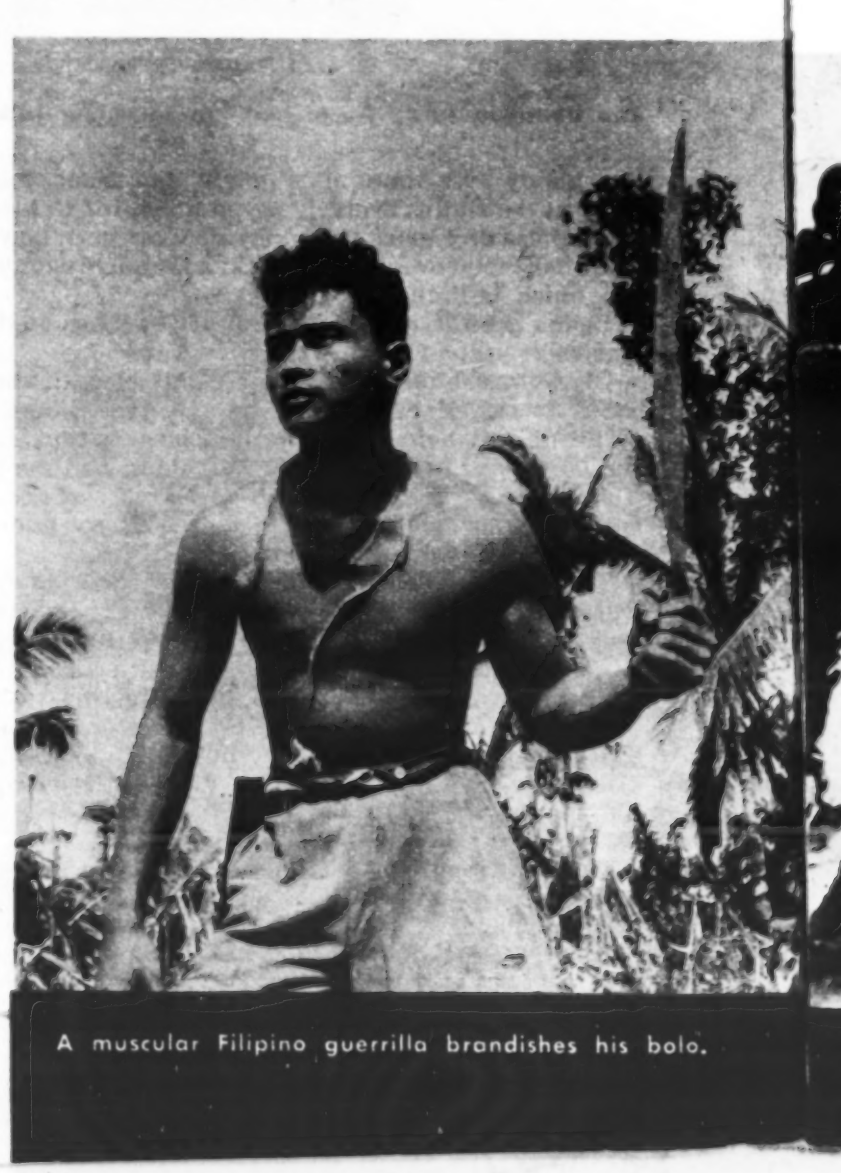
TIMELY. The road to Palo was clogged with prime movers, jeeps, Bofors guns and 2½-ton weapons carriers. Frequently traffic bogged down. While MPs were untangling one snarl, a driver climbed out and changed a sign on the radiator. It had read: "TOKYO 2,700 MILES." Now it read: "TOKYO 2,100 MILES."

PATERNAL. Even in the midst of battle, a father sometimes remembers his training. On Leyte, in the fighting outside Palo, a tiny Filipino boy of perhaps 5 was watching a battery of 105s in action. As the guns roared and tore at his abbreviated shirt, his only garb, he winced and started to cry. His nose ran. An artilleryman, with kids of his own, left the gun crew, walked over, bent down, produced a grimy handkerchief and wiped the youngster's nose. "Doggonit," the cannoneer said, "he ain't got a shirt tail long enough to wipe his own nose."

BUFFALOED. To a battalion patrol of the 7th Division, operating near San Pablo on Leyte, one water buffalo proved more dangerous than 30 Japs. Well ahead of the front lines, the patrol encountered 30 Japs taking a break in tall grass, killed 10 of them and scattered the rest.

Starting back, the patrol encountered a water buffalo. The animal charged S/Sgt. Sigmund Bouski of Bay City, Mich. BARs in the hands of Lt. William Frost of Wortham, Tex., and T/Sgt. Edward Kabilowski of Chicago, Ill., saved Bouski from the casualty list.

WELCOME. When the GIs came to Tacloban, the citizenry turned out in gala parade to welcome their liberators. There was genuine Stateside flavor to the celebration. The citizenry sang "God Bless America" and "Happy Days Are Here Again." The GI onlookers called "Hiya, babe" to the girls, the band was out of tune and the marchers were out of step. And they paraded down President Wilson Street.



A muscular Filipino guerrilla brandishes his bolo.

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How Japs Treated the Filipinos

BY TURN, JAPS WERE OBJECTS OF RIDICULE AND FEAR ON LEYTE.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

PALO, THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—When a Filipino passed a Jap, he had to bow his head at a 45-degree angle and, if the Japanese ordered, murmur "*ohio*" ("good morning" in Japanese). The Filipinos bobbed their heads all right but muttered "*ohhighan*" instead, which in the local Visayan language means "beast." The twist the Filipinos gave the Japanese "good afternoon" is not printable.

The Japs hated English and insisted that the schools teach Japanese. Failure in Japanese meant flunking all your courses. A student with an A in biology and a D in Japanese, for instance, got D for the entire term. Yet when Filipinos tried to get along by speaking Japanese, the Japs baffled them by replying only in English, though it was such bad English the Filipinos had to laugh at it.

One Jap soldier called for some "sellfarn" in a store one day, gesturing as if he were peering through something held up before him. Amid much laughter the storekeeper and a knot of idlers tried a score of suggestions from isinglass to stationery before they hit on cellophane. There were too many laughs, and the Filipinos were marched to the cemetery, told to dig their graves and then were killed.

A U. S. Navy officer, accused of plotting an escape from a concentration camp, was walked to a graveyard where many spectators had been assembled. The Japs made him dig his burial place, in company with two Filipino friends, and then beheaded him by sword. The two Filipinos were bayoneted.

The officer's story was told by a Filipino friend who, on every All Souls' Day since, has defied reprisals by placing a candle beside the Jap marker over the burial place.

"They're all animal people," a 30-year-old cattle dealer, Sabino Elardo, said bitterly. "I hate their animal customs. They are all robbers."

Elardo sat on the split-bamboo porch floor of his windowless, two-room, nipa-thatch shack—a typical local home. He said 1,000 *pesos* was the price a Filipino had to pay for a cow that cost a Jap Army outfit 100 *pesos*—if the outfit paid anything at all.

Malnutrition spread rapidly among the Filipinos. The price of even a small fish, for instance, rose to five *pesos*, or twice the pay a worker received for a full day's labor for the Japs.

Palo, with a population of about 26,000, had to supply the Japanese with 1,000 men to work on an airfield every Monday. "They forced us to work," one Palo citizen said. "If two or three persons could not lift a post, the Japs hit them with guns or with sticks. They killed innocent people. They would force a confession by tying a suspect's hands and hanging him by them."

One Filipino showed a purple scar on each brown wrist—mementos of just such a Jap torture. He said the Japs made him climb on a chair, tied his hands up high behind him, then kicked the chair from under him and let him hang that way six hours. He was suspected of being a guerrilla, and the Japs' suspicions were correct. But after keeping him in jail for 77 days, they released him without getting a confession.

Filipinos who tried to get along with the Japs generally regretted it. Last May a new Jap major came to Palo, and a reception was tendered him by a group of Filipinos who hoped to get in his good graces. A Palo lawyer made a particularly flowery speech of welcome.

That night a Filipino boy took a pot shot at a Jap soldier, nicking him in the arm. Seventy-two of the leading men of the town were clapped into jail by way of warning. Among them was the lawyer who had praised the Japanese major. For good measure the lawyer was subjected to a bit of torture.

Juan R. Perez, a school principal, was also one of the 72. Three or four months ago the Japs held a meeting in Palo on the theme of "cooperation."

"I was bold enough," Perez said, "to get up and say: 'Cooperation; you look it up in the dictionary and see what it means. I have something, you have nothing. I give you something, you have something. I have nothing, you give it to me. But it seems to me we give goods and labor and get nothing in return.' I had to stop. I was about to be slapped."

THE Japs were apparently great ones for meetings. They called a meeting just before the American landings. According to Elardo, the Japs said: "Do not wait for the American soldiers. They will not come. All their ships are sunk. American and Japanese soldiers fight in Formosa, and 140 planes have been shot down, three carriers sunk."

"Two days before the Americans returned," Elardo said, "a Filipino asked a Jap official how long the war would last. 'Until America surrenders,' was the answer. Yet I tell you a secret. A Jap officer told a Filipino: 'I do not like this war. I want to be home with my family.'"

But the Japs acted as if they still had a lot of war left in them, and they left behind a lot of their propaganda. "Jazz and Gangsterism is all American," was one of their favorite slogans. Caricatures of President Roosevelt being kicked out of the Philippines were also popular. One poster jeered at proud Americans "shamelessly" surrendering at Manila. Enlarged photographs tried to sell Japanese life to the Filipinos. One of them showed Japs fishing. "The Japanese," said the caption, "really are not good anglers; they are philosophers, more concerned with the thoughts they think than the fish they catch."

For the Filipinos, life under the Japs was endless fear of being beheaded or sent to Manila. Those who were shipped to the capital never came back, the people of Palo said.

All radios were confiscated, but at intervals men gathered secretly to hear the world news from a hidden receiving set.

THE preliminary American bombings were received by the Filipinos as a sure sign of impending liberation. Most went down to the bomb shelters, but Elardo insists that he stood in the street shouting, "Come on, bombs!"

The Filipinos gasped at American equipment. "They've got a car that can do anything but climb a tree," one Filipino said of the jeep, "and their tanks practically swim." The Japs had had to rely on Filipino manual labor, and the people were accordingly impressed by our wealth of heavy-duty machinery. But they came in outrigger canoes by the score to volunteer their help.

Hundreds of other Filipinos—shoeless refugees—streamed by on their way back to homes that had been appropriated by the Japs. Some were obliged to find a temporary home in the Palo Cathedral, until the Japs were cleared from the outskirts of the island. The handsome old Spanish church was filled with the noises of living.

Families huddled in pews inscribed with the names of prominent parish members or clustered inside the altar rail at the foot of the bishop's throne. Three little children, not much older than the Pacific war, rolled the tops of C-ration cans across the chancel floor, and a mother nursed her infant just inside the communion rail. An old lady puffed a cigarette, a middle-aged woman cooled herself with a green fan painted with the Jap Rising Sun, and a little girl sprawled nude in an open confessional box.

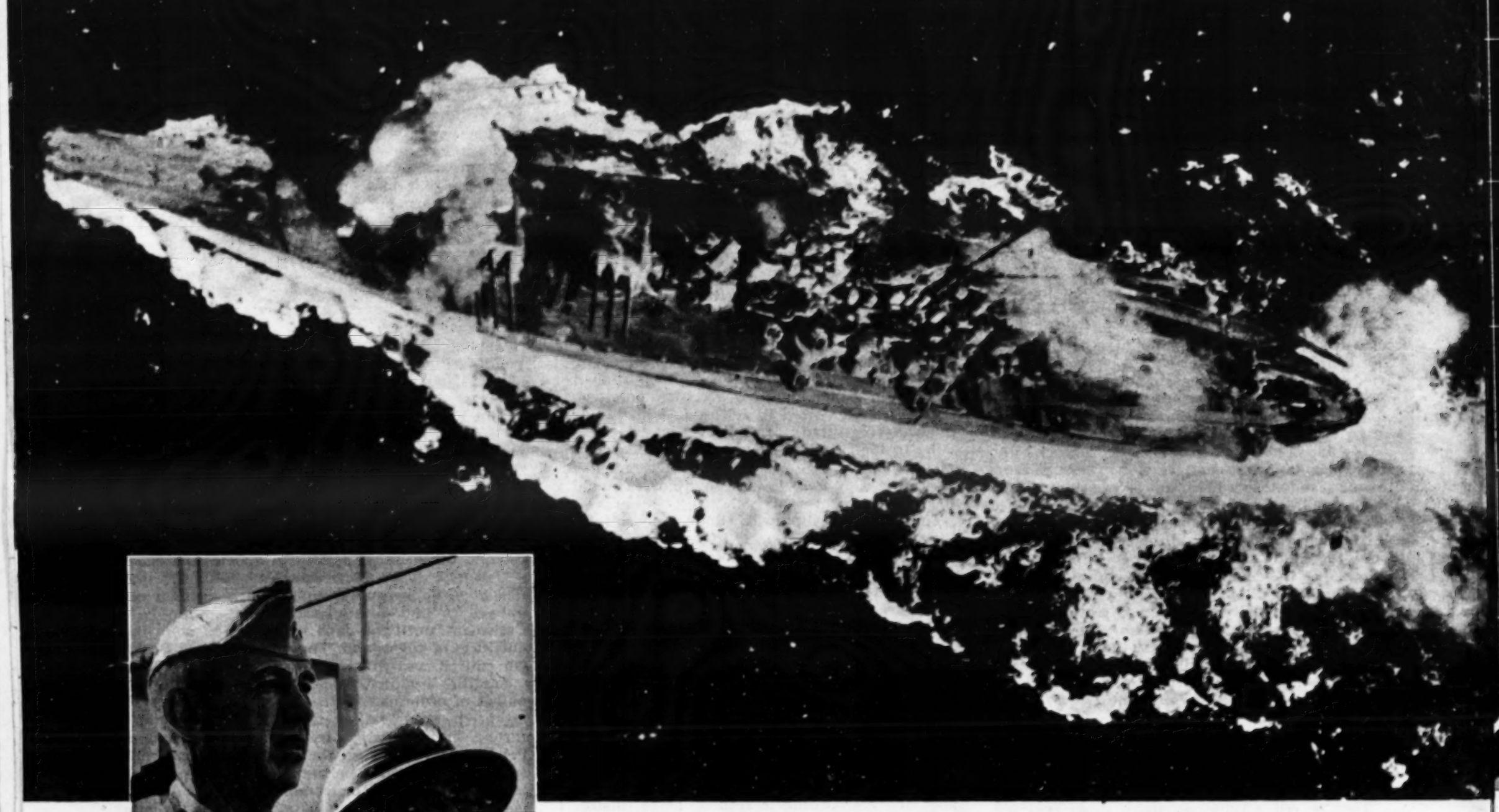
In the choir loft, a farmer named Tedorico Rasales complained a little. "I want to go home," he said. "I have six children. When they have bowels, I am tired taking them outside." A GI assured him he could head for home in the morning; the Japs were falling back.

This young girl greeted Yanks with a tattered flag

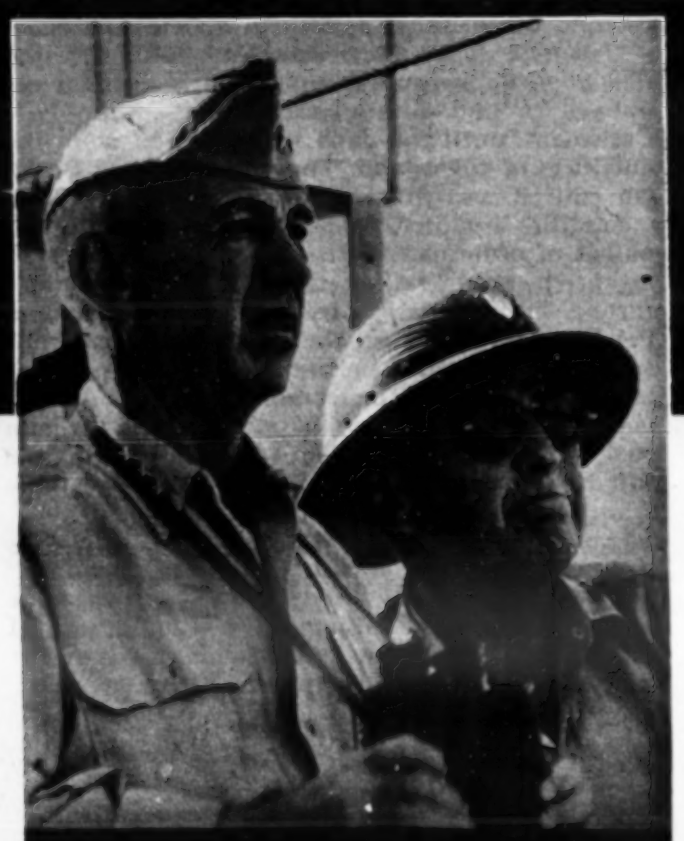
Baby looks suspiciously at the MP's C-ration cookie

And Grandpa gets a demonstration in can opening

2d Battle of Philippine Sea



As a Helldiver of the U. S. Seventh Fleet zoomed low over *Yamato*-class Jap battleship, radioman photographed two bombs scoring hits just forward of No. 1 turret. Nine Jap battleships were sunk or damaged.



Vice Adm. Kinkaid and Lt. Gen. Krueger watch Leyte landing that lured Jap fleet into open.

This great U. S. victory was not a slugfest between two grand fleets but several engagements involving separate task forces.

JUST a month or so ago, as American carrier planes began bombing Formosa and the Philippines, a naval expert leaned back in his chair and said:

"Where is the Japanese fleet? With every U. S. advance across the Pacific—New Guinea, the Gilberts, the Marshalls, the Marianas, Palau—that question has come up. The Philippines are next. Will the Jap fleet come out to fight? Will they risk it this time—or next time—or when?"

The naval expert got his answer more quickly—and decisively—than he may have expected. As Gen. MacArthur's troops landed in the Philippines, the long-elusive Jap fleet came out of hiding and engaged major U. S. Navy forces assigned to protect the beachhead.

The Japs had decided they'd given ground long enough; now was the time and place to stand up and fight, before the Americans broke the inner ring of Japan's defenses and penetrated her home waters.

The result, according to Adm. Chester W. Nimitz, commanding the U. S. Pacific Fleet, was clear: "The Japanese fleet has been decisively defeated and routed. The Second Battle of the Philippine Sea ranks as one of the major sea battles of World War II in the Pacific."

Before the battle, the Japs had a fleet built around 10 to 13 battleships and 10 to 12 large aircraft carriers. After the battle, nine Jap battleships and four carriers were sunk or damaged—three-quarters of the enemy battleship force and one-third of his carrier force. Out of 59 or 60 ships in the Jap armada, only one or two destroyers escaped untouched.

In immediate tactical terms, the victory assured the success of our landings in the Philippines. In strategic terms, it meant that our control of lines of communication in the Pacific—our ability to land and to supply invasion forces—had been extended to the shores of China and almost to the homeland of Japan itself.

The Second Battle of the Philippine Sea represented the burial not only of Japan's aspirations as a strong naval power but also of a classic conception of naval warfare. According to that conception of battle, one fleet was supposed to approach the other in line or column and slug it out until one of them was at the bottom of the sea. You could, in other words, "lose the war in an afternoon." That was the way it worked at Trafalgar, at Santiago and in 1904 at Tsushima, when the Japs beat the Russians; but it wasn't that way in the Battle of the Philippine Sea.

For two years our Navy had been longing for a show-down with the Japs, and the Japs had evaded battle. It was not that they were afraid. That was a "foolish" idea, the late Secretary of the Navy Knox had said. "It just does not suit them to come out now and fight. Probably they wish to wait for the time when they will have a better chance and the odds are more in their favor." When the battle did come at last, it was they who initiated it.

Not so conventional as to assemble their strength into one force, the Japs divided it into three forces, acting separately but in cooperation, and committed all three to battle. What happened was not so much that the Japanese fleet was defeated as that three Jap task forces—which together made up the bulk of the Jap fleet—were defeated in three separate though related actions.

Task-force warfare is comparatively new in naval history. You could see its beginnings in the battle of Jutland in the first World War. In a way, that was still along the classic pattern: the British grand fleet met the whole German fleet. But unlike Tsushima and the other fight-to-a-finish slugging matches, Jutland had no clear-cut outcome. The smaller German fleet inflicted much heavier damage on the British fleet than it received, but broke off the engagement and never again dared to try to break out of the Baltic Sea.

There was one good reason why the British admiral didn't crush his weaker opponent: he just couldn't bring his unwieldy 37 capital ships into play. One eventual result of Jutland was that fleets were broken down into task forces, just as Napoleon broke down his land armies into corps, so they could be maneuvered better.

A task force is just what the name implies—a particular force made up to do a particular task. The size and make-up of a task force varies with the job it has to do; it may be as small as four destroyers or so big it includes every type of ship in the book, including a supply train.

Naturally, when you break your fleet down into

1 LARGE CARRIER
3 LIGHT CARRIERS
2 BATTLESHIPS
1 HEAVY CRUISER
1 LIGHT CRUISER
3 OTHER CRUISERS
6 DESTROYERS
4 OCT. 24. Sunk: One carrier, Zuikaku class; one light carrier, Zuiho class; two light carriers, Chitose class; one light cruiser or large destroyer; one destroyer; one cruiser. Damaged: Two battleships, three cruisers, four destroyers. U. S. Loss: Ten planes.
China Sea
LUZON
HALSEY'S 3d FLEET
Pacific Ocean
2 OCT. 23. Sunk: One light cruiser. May have sunk: One battleship, one cruiser. Damaged: Three battleships, three heavy cruisers.
MANILA
5 BATTLESHIPS
8 CRUISERS
13 DESTROYERS
San Bernardino St.
5 OCT. 24. Sunk: Two cruisers. Dead in water: One destroyer.
MINDORO
Sibuyan Sea
SAMAR
6 OCT. 24. Sunk: One cruiser, Mogami class; one cruiser, Noshiro class. Possibly sunk: One battleship. Damaged: Three battleships, three cruisers.
PANAY
KINKAID'S 7th FLEET
LEYTE
NEGROS
U. S. Losses: One light carrier (Princeton), two escort carriers, two destroyers, one destroyer escort.
PALAWAN
Sulu Sea
Surigao St
3 OCT. 23. Damaged: Two battleships.
Mindanao Sea
2 BATTLESHIPS (Yamashiro Class)
2 HEAVY CRUISERS
2 LIGHT CRUISERS
8 DESTROYERS
MINDANAO
1 OCT. 21-22. Jap Fleet units detected. Two heavy cruisers, Atago class, sunk; one damaged, by submarine action.
Moro Gulf
Celebes Sea
Art Brandt

Map of Philippine Sea battle traces course of U. S. (solid arrow) and Jap (broken arrow) task forces as they met in series of engagements (1-6). Only Jap strength is shown; U. S. compositions are unrevealed.

task forces, it's pretty unlikely that any one naval engagement will be as decisive as Trafalgar or Tsushima, because you're not committing the whole fleet at once. And there's another important development that makes the single decisive slugging match pretty much a thing of the past: the development and use of carrier-based aircraft.

Thanks to the reconnaissance powers of these far-ranging planes, fleets no longer come as close to each other as they used to do when the only fleet scout was the cruiser. And thanks to the striking power of carrier aircraft, it's possible to fight a naval battle with neither fleet in shooting range of the other. That's why tactics nowadays are much more open.

WHEN the Japs threw their three forces into the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea, they had a definite plan of attack. The most powerful task force, striking down from Formosa to the northwest of the Philippines, would decoy away from Leyte Gulf as many as possible of the American warships assigned to cover the landings. Meanwhile two other task forces, coming through the straits north and south of Leyte, would knock off the rest of our warships and then pound away at their leisure at the U. S. transports, which were sitting ducks in Leyte Gulf.

Obviously the use of three task forces, one as a decoy and two as a pincers, had a very real value as a tactical move. But there was another reason for the Jap decision to divide the fleet this way. By committing their strength in three parts, the Japs were taking out a kind of insurance; it was the old story of not putting all your eggs in one basket. If the Jap tactic worked, it would mean that our naval forces covering the landing would be crushed and the beachhead wiped out from behind; if the tactic failed, maybe some part of the Jap fleet would live to fight another day.

As the Jap task forces prepared for the attack, what were our own warships doing? The Japs do not have a monopoly on the task-force idea by a long shot. As early as 1933-1936, when Vice Adm. Joseph K. Taussig (since retired) was assistant chief of naval operations, the task-force idea had been effectively introduced into the Navy. Our Pacific seapower protecting the Leyte landings was not all one force but, like the Japs, divided up for the business at hand.

On the American side of the fence, however, the problem was different. Where the Japs needed two forces to form a pincers on Leyte through San Bernardino Strait to the north and Surigao Strait to the south, the Americans needed only one force standing off Leyte to seal up both these passageways. That job was assigned to the U. S. Seventh Fleet, commanded by Vice Adm. Thomas C. Kinkaid, with a force apparently composed of old battleships salvaged after Pearl Harbor, cruisers, destroyers and escort carriers (converted merchantmen or tankers). Of course, for tactical purposes, this force was broken down into subdivisions, with Rear Adm. Thomas L. Sprague's light carriers to the north around San Bernardino and Rear Adm. Jesse B. Oldendorf's battleships, cruisers and destroyers to the south around Surigao Strait.

To the north of the beachhead was disposed the larger U. S. Third Fleet of Adm. William F. Halsey Jr., apparently including large carriers and new battleships. Elements of this fleet had struck at Formosa and Luzon, main island in the northern Philippines, in carrier raids that preceded and covered the Leyte landing, and had made a series of roving hit-and-run attacks at bases as close to Japan as the Ryukyus. By placing the Third Fleet to the north, the naval command also protected the right flank of our landing operations and of our supply lines against the possibility that a Jap force might come down from Formosa.

These dispositions of our warships were made, of course, before the commanders had any certain knowledge of the Jap plan of attack—or indeed, before it was even known that there would be any attack at all.

The Leyte landings had been made on Oct. 20. Shortly thereafter began the series of naval engagements, fought for five days over a 600-mile area, now officially described as the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea. The operations were summed up by Adm. Nimitz in one of the most masterful communiques in naval history. The communique appears on the following page.

Later reports issued by Gen. MacArthur's headquarters and by Rear Adm. Oldendorf indicate that damage done to the Jap southern task force may have been greater than listed in Communique No. 168, and may in fact have amounted to annihilation.

Even before this battle, we could have traded the Japs ship for ship and still have had a sizable fleet when the last Jap ship was gone. On the basis of ships sunk only, we traded one American ship for four Jap ships in this battle.

As for the Jap ships that were damaged, they will be immobilized for some time to come. To repair these ships, the Japs will have to withdraw steel from other parts of their war program—already in a tight squeeze, probably, since annual steel production is only 13.7 million tons compared with 88 million tons in the U. S.

Even if the Japs have the necessary steel and are willing to use it to repair the damaged ships, they may be hard put to find shipyard space; the shipyards are probably working to near capacity right now. The only shipyards believed large enough to accommodate some of the damaged ships are at Singapore and in Japan itself and possibly at Hong Kong. Hong Kong is within range of land-based Fortresses and Liberators; Singapore and Japan are within range of our Superfortresses, and the Singapore naval base has in fact been raided recently. So, although the Japs may try to get their damaged ships back into action, most informed guessers believe it will probably be too late to do them much good.

WHAT did the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea accomplish, apart from the obvious success in knocking out a lot of Jap warships? And where does it fit into the whole picture of the Pacific war? The best way to answer those questions is to take a look back at four other naval battles of this war, alongside which Adm. Nimitz ranked the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea in Communique No. 168.

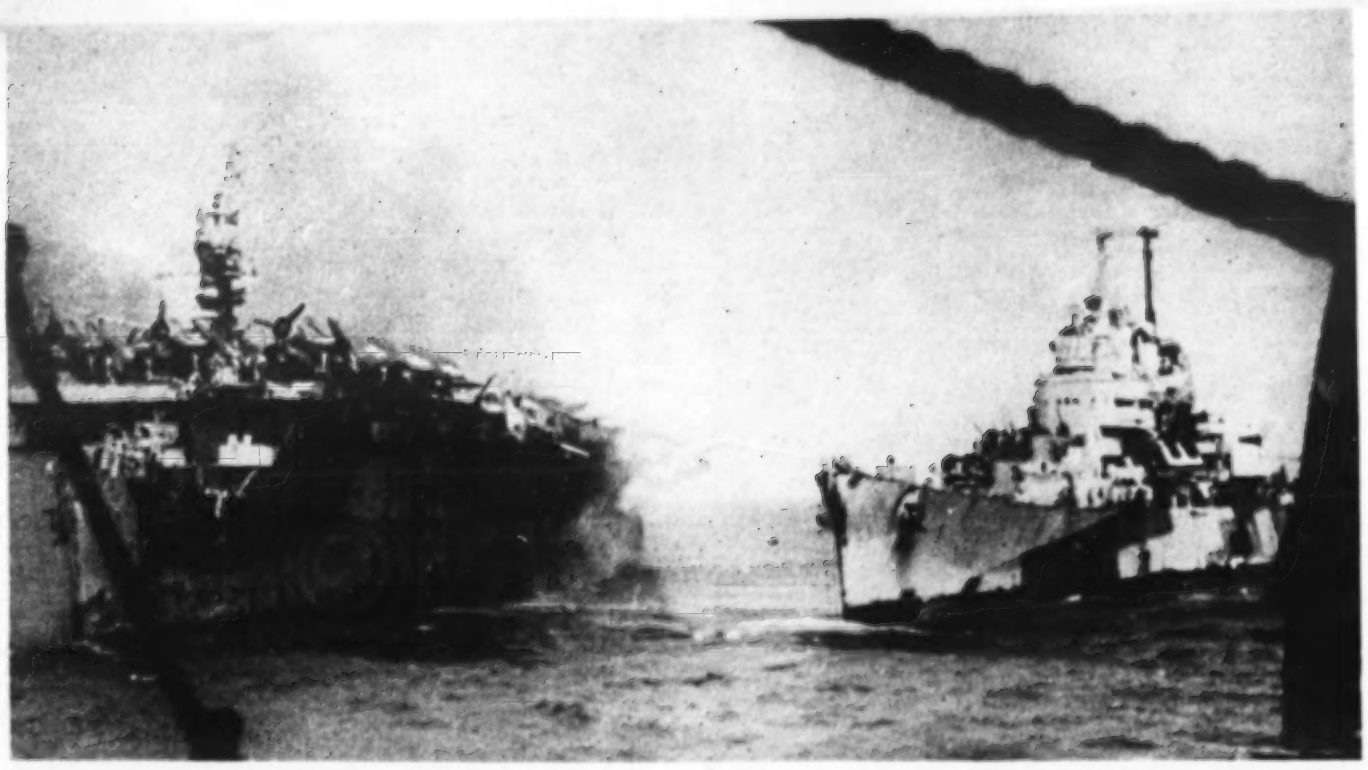
In May 1942, the Japs were expanding southward through the Solomons, menacing our supply lines to Australia and New Caledonia and threatening Australia with invasion. Carrier-based Navy planes and Australia-based Army bombers, in an action fought entirely by air, with the opposing naval task forces out of sight of each other, turned back the Japs. That Battle of the Coral Sea marked the end of the Jap threat to the south.

Convinced that the approaches to Australia were too well defended, the Japs decided to expand to the east instead—Midway, then Hawaii and Alaska. They were able to assemble and send toward Midway a naval force that was a great deal stronger than anything we had to put in its way.

This Week's Cover

IN Florence, Italy, two GIs compare their ODs with the pageant costume of a Florentine. He is tricked out in the half-armor of a 15th century guard. The GIs are M/Sgt. Curtis Stephenson and 1st Sgt. G. W. Johnson, photographed in the Piazza Signoria by YANK staff photographer, Sgt. Steve Derry.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Steve Derry. 4—Pfc. George Burns. 5—Left and right, Sgt. Dick Hanley; center, Mason Pawlak PhoMic. 6—INP. 8—Acme. 9—Signal Corps. 10—CBS Television. 11—Sgt. Georg N. Meyers. 12—Upper left, PA; upper right, Coast Guard; center, Sgt. Hanley; lower, Signal Corps. 13—Upper right, Cpl. Lou Wilson; center, WW; lower left, Pfc. George Burns; lower right, Signal Corps. 17—QM. 18—Upper left, PRO, Galveston AAF, Tex.; upper right, PRO, Fort Crook, Nebr.; left center, Signal Corps, Camp Van Dorn, Miss.; lower center, AAF; center right, FARTC, Fort Sill, Okla. 19—Left, AAF; right, PRO, Camp Breckinridge, Ky. 20—Sgt. Horst Horst. 23—Upper, INP; lower, Acme.



Light carrier *Princeton* is afire as a U. S. cruiser pours in streams of water. Flat-top, hit by land-based Jap aircraft that took part in one phase of sea battle, had to be sunk later when main magazine exploded.

In the June 1942 Battle of Midway, also an all-aerial engagement, this force was met and defeated by an inferior force of carriers and land-based bombers. Victory at Midway marked the turning point of the Pacific war—ending the possibility of invasion of the U. S. and putting us in a position for the first time to go on the offensive.

That opportunity was capitalized in the invasion of Guadalcanal. On Aug. 7, 1942, landings were effected in the Solomon Islands. As in the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea, the Japs sought to wipe out our landings shortly after they were made. In naval action that was renewed several times and continued into November, surface units of both forces became engaged in costly action. While the balance in ship losses was not decisive, the Battle of Guadalcanal ended the major Jap effort to oust us from the Solomons.

By June 1944 American seapower had already expanded far into the western Pacific. The First Battle of the Philippine Sea developed when the Japs, attempting to frustrate American landings on Saipan, sent a carrier task force into action. Heavy damage was inflicted by our own carrier planes on the Jap fleet before it withdrew. That was the last time the Jap fleet put in an appearance until the Second Battle of the Philippines.

These five great battles—Coral Sea, Midway, Guadalcanal and the two Philippines—had one major element in common. With the exception of Coral Sea, every engagement was the direct result of naval support or opposition to landings by ground forces, and the Coral Sea battle indirectly involved Jap land expansion southward. In all these actions, the tactical integration of land and sea forces has become more and more evident.

The latest action differs from the earlier ones chiefly in two respects: for the first time in this war, air and surface forces of both sides have been engaged at once, and for the first time the Japs have committed most of their fleet at once.

There is no indication, however, that most of our Pacific Fleet strength was similarly committed. Besides the Third and Seventh Fleets, engaged in this battle, we are known to have the Fifth Fleet operating in the Pacific.

If we had the Japs on the run, why didn't we chase the beaten remnants of the enemy task forces a greater distance than we actually did?

The first reason is mine fields; it would have been suicide for our warships to follow the retreating Japs through the narrow straits before minesweepers went through. The second reason is oil; we would have been moving away from our oil at full speed while the Japs were approaching theirs at full speed, and our fleet train might have become dangerously extended. The third reason is the human factor; our fleets had been at sea a good while, with the men at general quarters (battle alert) for long periods and with no replacements or rest. And finally, our pursuit was limited by the range of Jap land-based planes.

Ships' personnel can soon be rested and refreshed. Carriers can send their planes against Jap airfields in and around the Philippines. The minesweepers will be able to clear the waters west of the Philippines.

How fast can we follow up the Philippine Sea victory, then?

Vice Adm. Marc Mitscher, commanding a carrier force in that action, said recently that the war in the Pacific will probably shift from high to low gear because of what the Army and Navy call logistics—the supply problem. Jap supply lines grow shorter while ours grow longer, the closer we get to Tokyo. Even with a direct supply route safe to the Philippines, protected by our holdings in the Marshalls, Saipan and Guam, and Palau, it takes a tremendous amount of shipping and effort to get food, ammunition, supplies and men to the western Pacific.

No matter whether the war shifts into low gear for a time, however, the tactical and strategical results of the Philippine Sea victory cannot be denied. Tactically, it means the success of the Philippine landings. Strategically, it jeopardizes the lines of supply between Japan and her most southerly conquests, and—with what was once a Jap "fleet in being" now immobilized or sunk—it means increased freedom of action for the American fleets. China, Formosa, almost the homeland of Japan itself, are brought within range of our naval operations. It's a safe bet they won't be neglected too long.

TEXT OF COMMUNIQUE NO. 168, DESCRIBING U. S. NAVY VICTORY

AMPLIFYING reports on the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea, although still subject to revision as more information is received, indicate an overwhelming victory for the Third and Seventh United States Fleets.

The Japanese Fleet has been decisively defeated and routed. The Second Battle of the Philippine Sea ranks as one of the major sea battles of World War II in the Pacific—together with the Battle of the Coral Sea, May 18, 1942; the Battle of Midway, June 6, 1942; the Battle of Guadalcanal, Nov. 15, 1942; and the First Battle of the Philippine Sea, June 19, 1944.

Movements of major Japanese Fleet units northward from the Singapore area were detected on Oct. 21 and 22 (West Longitude Date). Submarine scouts sighted the enemy force, sank two *Atago* class heavy cruisers and severely damaged a third. Ships of the Third Fleet were moved into position to the eastward of the Philippines off Surigao Strait, San Bernardino Strait and the Polillo Islands.

On Oct. 23 carrier searchers discovered two strong enemy naval forces moving eastward, one through the Sibuyan Sea and the other through the Sulu Sea. Photographs by carrier aircraft showed that the force moving eastward through the Sibuyan Sea included five battleships, thought to be the *Yamato*, *Musashi*, *Nagato*, *Kongo* and *Haruna*; eight cruisers, two *Mogami*, two *Tone*, two *Nachi*, one *Atago*, one *Noshiro*, and 13 destroyers. The force moving eastward through the Sulu Sea consisted of two battleships of the *Yamasiro* class, two heavy cruisers, two light cruisers and seven or eight destroyers.

As soon as the presence of the two enemy fleet forces in the Philippine Islands was discovered on Oct. 23, Hellcat fighters, Avenger torpedo planes and Helldiver dive-bombers from the Third Fleet carriers were launched to attack both forces.

In the Sibuyan Sea one battleship and one cruiser were severely damaged and set afire and may have sunk. Three other battleships received bombs and torpedoes; three other heavy cruisers received bombs and torpedoes and one light cruiser was torpedoed, capsized and sank.

In the Sulu Sea bomb hits were made on both battleships. Cruisers and destroyers were strafed with rockets and machine guns.

Meanwhile, to the eastward of the Philippines, enemy shore-based aircraft were attacking our carriers. In the aerial battle that ensued, more than 150 enemy aircraft were shot down. . . . In this attack the carrier *Princeton* was hit by a bomb which caused a bad fire. Later the *Princeton*'s magazine blew up and the ship was so badly damaged that she had to be sunk by our own forces.

Also on the afternoon of Oct. 23, a land-based Navy search plane discovered the presence of an enemy carrier force approximately 200 miles off Cape Engano, off northern Luzon, heading south. This force consisted of 17 warships including a large carrier, believed to be of the *Zuikaku* class; three light carriers of the *Chitose* and *Zuiho* classes; two battleships of the *Ise* class with flight decks aft; a heavy cruiser of the *Mogami* class; a light cruiser of the *Noshiro* class; three cruisers of the *Kiso* class, and six destroyers.

To meet this serious threat, the Commander, Third Fleet, concentrated several of his carrier task groups and started northward at high speed for a dawn attack.

These units of the Third Fleet steamed north at full speed through the night and caught the enemy so completely by surprise on the morning of Oct. 24 that there was no effective air opposition. Later in the forenoon enemy carrier aircraft, which had been refueled ashore in the Philippines, flew out to join their ships which already had met disaster. The enemy planes arrived too late to get into the fight and 21 were shot down by our combat patrols. In this action the following destruction was inflicted upon the enemy:

SUNK: One carrier of the *Zuikaku* class, sunk by carrier aircraft; one light carrier of the *Zuiho* class, crippled by carrier aircraft and later sunk by the gunfire of cruisers and destroyers; two light carriers of the *Chitose* class, sunk by carrier aircraft; one light cruiser or large destroyer, sunk by gunfire; one destroyer, sunk by carrier aircraft; one cruiser was severely damaged by carrier aircraft and was sunk during the night by a submarine.

DAMAGED: One battleship, hit by two to four torpedoes and many bombs; one battleship, hit by bombs; three cruisers, damaged by bombs and gunfire; four destroyers bombed, strafed or hit by gunfire.

None of the Third Fleet ships engaged with the enemy carrier force were damaged. The Third Fleet in this phase of the action lost 10 planes, eight pilots and 10 air crewmen, all shot down by antiaircraft fire. Before all the damaged enemy ships could be tracked down and destroyed, the engagement was broken off to proceed to the assistance of the Seventh Fleet carrier escort groups then under attack off Samar Island.

The enemy force of battleships, cruisers and destroyers which had been attacked in the Sibuyan Sea had sortied through the San Bernardino Strait in spite of the damage inflicted by our carrier aircraft and had attacked units of the Seventh Fleet off Samar Island during the morning of Oct. 24. In the ensuing battle most of the enemy's heavy ships were badly damaged by Seventh Fleet units assisted by carrier aircraft from the Third Fleet.

One cruiser of the *Mogami* class was seen to sink and one destroyer was left dead in the water. The enemy force ran northwest from the scene of the action and during the early hours of darkness passed westward through the San Bernardino Strait. About 2 A. M. a straggling cruiser was sunk by gunfire of the Third Fleet.

Meanwhile, the southern enemy force had crossed the Sulu Sea, the Mindanao Sea, had attempted to pass through the Surigao Strait and met the Seventh Fleet in a night action Oct. 23-24. As announced by the Commander in Chief, Southwest Pacific Area, all units of this enemy force were sunk or decisively defeated.

On Oct. 24 carrier aircraft of the Third Fleet were launched against the crippled and damaged enemy fleeing westward through the Sibuyan Sea. Damage done to the enemy during the retirement of the enemy forces through the San Bernardino Strait by the combined efforts of the Third and Seventh Fleets and shore-based aircraft of the Southwest Pacific Area included one *Mogami* class cruiser sunk off Mindoro Island, one *Noshiro* class cruiser sunk south of Mindoro Island, one battleship possibly sunk and three other battleships and three cruisers further damaged.

THE total damage inflicted on the Japanese Fleet during the period Oct. 22-27, 1944, included:

Sunk

2 battleships.	3 small cruisers or large destroyers.
4 carriers.	
6 heavy cruisers.	
3 light cruisers.	6 destroyers.

Severely Damaged and May Have Sunk

1 battleship.	2 light cruisers.
3 heavy cruisers.	7 destroyers.

Escaped in a Damaged Condition

6 battleships.	1 light cruiser.
4 heavy cruisers.	10 destroyers.

During the same action the losses sustained by United States Naval forces were one light carrier [*Princeton*], two escort carriers, two destroyers, one destroyer escort and a few lesser craft.

The following battleships seriously damaged at Pearl Harbor took part in these actions: *West Virginia*, *Maryland*, *Tennessee*, *California* and *Pennsylvania*. The new carriers *Lexington*, *Wasp* and *Hornet* also participated.

In all these actions United States submarines played a highly important part and are credited with sinking and damaging several enemy warships — both before and after the air and sea battles on Oct. 23, 24 and 25.

Much of the credit for the destruction inflicted on the Japanese Fleet goes to the naval airmen, who gallantly and relentlessly pressed their attacks home with telling effects.

VERDUN - Then and Now

BATTLEFIELDS OF LAST WAR ARE BIVOUAC AREAS IN THIS ONE.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

VERDUN, FRANCE—The backwash of the second World War has flowed into the old forts and trenches of this famous first-World-War battlefield for the third time in four years. This time the backwash is all American. There are GI bed rolls parked in the old pillboxes, GI laundry hanging from 1918 barbed wire, GI latrines in the ancient trenches.

A Negro Signal Corps unit has moved into one old fort. The outfit's supply sergeant discovered a tunnel leading back to a nearby town. For four years in the last war, reinforcements and supplies moved up to the front through this tunnel when saturation artillery barrages made travel on the surface sure death. Now, in rainy weather, the supply sergeant runs a jeep and trailer through the tunnel, draws his rations and gets back without having to worry about slippery roads, MPs or getting wet.

Technically the U. S. Army outfits are not supposed to be in the forts. They are assigned to a certain small geographical area for bivouacking purposes. If one of the old fortifications happens to be nearby, they sometimes move in.

The French tried to clean up the battlefield after the last war but soon gave it up as a hopeless task. So the miles and miles of trenches remain—and the thousands of feet of barbed-wire entanglements, and the unexploded shells and hand grenades, and the mustard-gas deposits, and the pitiful personal debris.

Now when an outfit moves in here to bivouac, its bomb-disposal squad must first take care of the rusty old projectiles. And all around the area are warnings that you enter the area at your own risk and that building a fire is an invitation to suicide.

There are endless cemeteries and in the wilderness are solitary graves marked with names like *Feldwebel* Frantz Lange and *Caporal* Andre Nicomette. The landscape is studded with monuments, including the skeleton on Dead Man's Hill: "*Ils n'ont pas passé* (They did not pass)."

Here, on a front barely 13 miles wide, 800,000 men lost their lives. Forty thousand were once sacrificed in an attempt to take a single hill. This was a war of total annihilation, where the slaughter of two-thirds of the Infantry was expected; thunderous artillery barrages collapsed trenches, wiped out roads, destroyed truck convoys, and enabled the Infantry to advance into a lifeless vacuum until ammunition was exhausted or the next rim of resistance was encountered. Great all-out offensives would gain a few miles over a period of months. Then the offensive would be ground to a standstill and the counteroffensive would begin.

The whole battle for Verdun in the last war was fought for the so-called heights of the Meuse River that rim the city in a semicircle to the north and east. The Germans needed Verdun to get to the great plain leading to Paris. Also, so long as the French held the city, it was possible for them to counterattack toward Germany. The Germans reached the heights of the Meuse outside Verdun in 1914. They were still there when the war ended four years later.

Their greatest attack carried them to Fort de Souville in June and July of 1916. Souville, like the other forts, is a reinforced-concrete hill with subterranean levels and protruding fire points.

On July 12 the Germans reached the slopes of Souville. A moving barrage of French 75s played directly on them. They reached the moat of the fort. They stormed the superstructure. But of the thousands of Bavarians who attacked, only 150 reached the superstructure. All 150 were captured or killed.

The Germans never got that far again.

TODAY Fort Souville is a musty ruin, its superstructure occupied by a handful of U. S. troops. The night the men arrived they slept outside. The second night they explored one of the tunnels and moved in. They carried the old ammunition out of the mouth of the tunnel and spread their bunks neatly on the floor.

Now there is a stove, which Pvt. Clyde Salter of Atlanta, Ga., found farther back and put into working condition, and an electric light which Pvt. Joseph DeGeorge of Utica, N. Y., wired to a nearby generator. The mouth of the tunnel is neatly closed by hangings of camouflage-colored parachute cloth. Pfc. Vernon Gardner of Ayer, Mass., and Pfc. Augie Roberts of Lindsay, Calif., play baseball in the moat, farthest point of the German advance in the first World War.

The keystone of the old Verdun defenses was Fort Douaumont. Today there are GI tourists and transients at Douaumont. There are also two soldiers regularly assigned there—Sgt. William Hornbeck of Lexington, Ky., and Cpl. Leo Kister of Newark, N. J. The Germans used Douaumont as an observation point, and Hornbeck and Kister moved right into the small barracks building constructed by the Jerries on the superstructure of the fort. The building is now suitably decorated with such signs as "Through These Portals Pass the Loneliest Bastards in the World" and "Broad and Market Streets." Hornbeck and Kister use various sections of the fort as storage places for their equipment.

Hornbeck hangs around the fort, but Kister has developed into somewhat of a historian. He has explored all the old tunnels and shafts about as far as it is safe to go and has stumbled into some strange things.

Deep in the bowels of the fort he found a beautiful cream-painted room with a flowered border around the walls. In other subterranean chambers were row upon row of crumbling two-decker wooden bunks with shreds of decayed blankets and clothes, obviously just as the French had left them 26 years ago.

In an isolated, blocked-off section of the fort, Kister discovered a human skeleton in the gray green of the German Army. He found a ponderous turret-raising mechanism and a rusty 155-mm gun all ready to fire, with shells, reamer and sergeant's whistle right next to it. The turret was invisible from the surface and evidently had been forgotten.

Kister has collected dozens of souvenirs from the old weapons left lying around the fort. Right now he spends his evenings working on a ring for his girl friend, made out of the copper band from a first-World-War shell. Once he tried to walk across the valley to Fort de Vaux on the next ridge about a mile away. He got about a quarter of the way across. Then he became so hopelessly entangled in the maze of barbed wire, shell holes and trenches that he gave it up as an impossible job.

Touring generals and colonels press Kister into service as a guide. A full colonel neglected to do this one day and went wandering around one of the tunnels by himself. Later that afternoon the colonel's driver came looking for Kister. "I think we'd better see if we can find the Old Man," said the driver. "He should have been back two hours ago. In two minutes Kister found the tunnel and five minutes later he found the colonel. The colonel was yelling loudly from the bottom of a pit into which he had fallen. Kister and the driver pulled him out with a rope.

PERHAPS the most elaborate GI set-up in the area is the temporary home of an Ordnance outfit that moved into one fort. The men of the outfit had been living in mudholes since D Day and almost wept with joy when they saw the four-foot-thick stone walls of the fort.

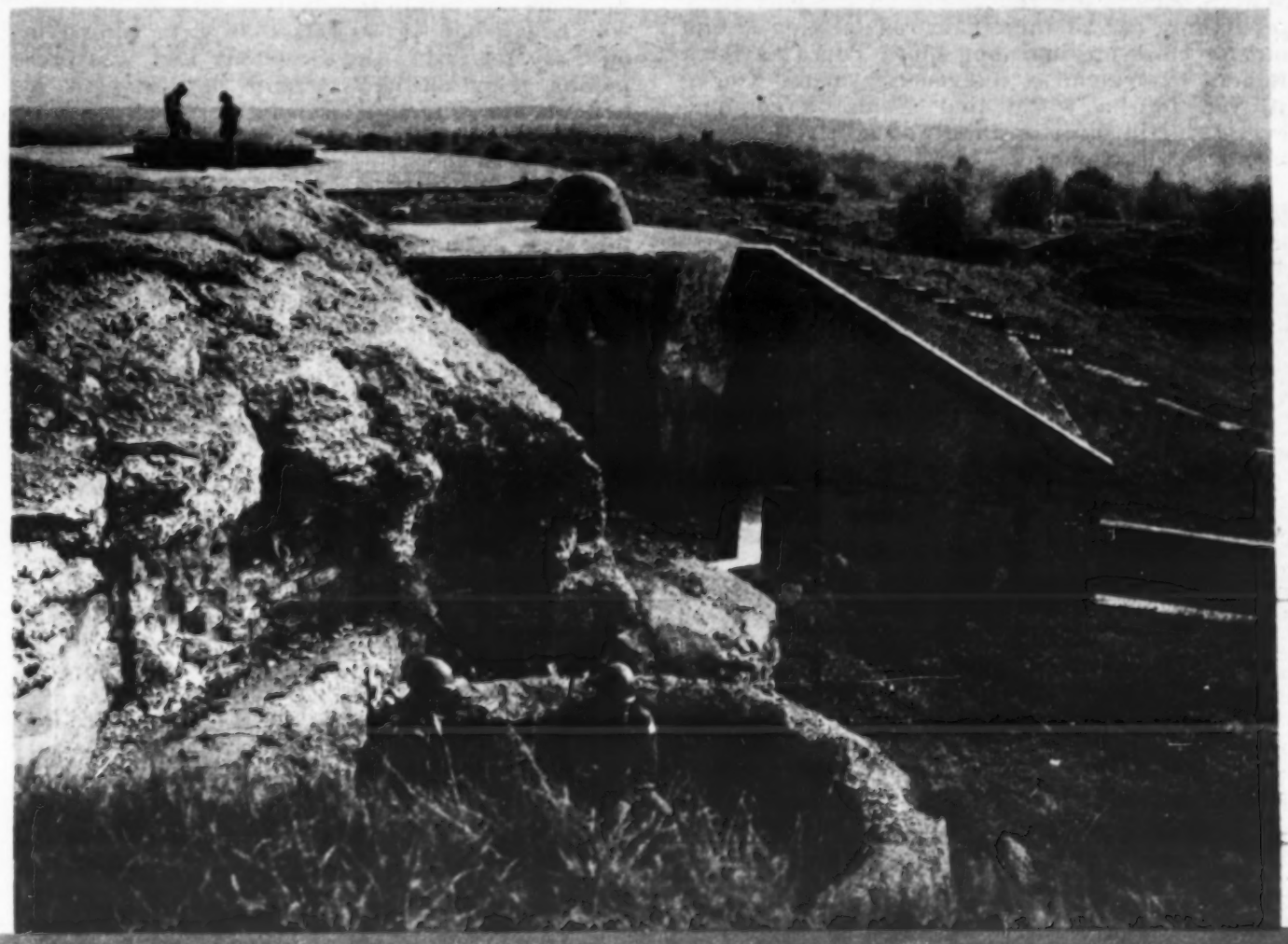
The company commander, Lt. William Bonelli of Detroit, Mich., is happily established in one of the casemates, and the supply room functions in an old ammunition chamber with the usual sign—"Only Supply Personnel May Enter Supply Room"—tacked to the closed steel-plate doors. The barber, Pvt. Tom Nomey of Pawtucket, R. I., cuts hair in a gun turret, and T-5 Maynal Sheaffer of Harrisburg, Pa., boils laundry in a GI can in the moat. The guard room is in the pillbox at the outer edge of the moat.

The only addition to the 1918 security set-up is a handrail erected by the carpenter, Sgt. Francis Lucas of New Haven, Conn., along the moat bridge. This is necessary because Cpl. Jack Moore of Bluefield, W. Va., the corporal of the guard, is almost blind without his glasses and twice fell into the moat while changing the guard.

Cut into the stone above the archway entrance to the fort is an illegible inscription, probably in French. Below this inscription, Sgt. John Melton of Huntington, W. Va., has posted another sign, which says simply: "Our Home."

Perhaps the most famous of the Verdun forts is Fort de Vaux. It was here that a tremendous defense took place in 1916; the Germans who gained a footing in the ruins of the superstructure were only able to drive the French out of the casemates by lowering baskets of grenades with time fuses and spurting in liquid fire and asphyxiating gas. In the northeast casemate where all this took place, the walls are covered with scribbled names, home towns and dates: Eric Deutsch, Dusseldorf, 1916; Francois Rozier, Paris, 1917; Lucien Olivier, Lille, 1939. Now there are names like Karl Schreiber, Koenigsberg, 1942, and Paul Martz, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., 1944.

The American names are big and black and seem to blot out the others. One of them says: "Austin White, Chicago, Ill., 1918 and 1944. This is the last time I want to write my name here."



AMERICAN SOLDIERS INSPECT FORT DOUAUMONT, USED BY THE FRENCH AND GERMANS IN THE LAST WAR.

TELEVISION

In control room, director watches monitor panels and talks to cameramen via intercom. Camera No. 1 (left panel) makes close-up take of girl. Camera No. 2 (middle) focuses for group long shot. Output panel (right) shows picture actually on the air. When middle image suits director, he says: "Take 2." Assistant pushes button and camera No. 2 is on the air. This procedure continues throughout telecast

Thanks to technical advances hastened by the war, this new industry is just about ready to provide jobs and entertainment for thousands of Americans.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—There's a two-story brick building here where you can get a sneak preview of what may one day be the biggest show on earth—television.

Loll around for an hour in the 40-by-80-foot studio of General Electric's television station WRGB. Actors are rehearsing on compact stage sets before two or three cameras dollying in and out for close-ups and long shots. There's a Buck Rogers look about a television camera. You've strayed into a world that seems to combine everything in show business and all the developments in electronics.

From the studio floor you get the notion that television is just like making movies, but once you're inside the control room you know better. Television is more intricate and more exacting.

In making a movie you may shoot boy getting girl on Monday and boy meeting girl on Tuesday. Then you splice it together right-end-to on Wednesday, and anything you don't like you cut out and shoot again on Thursday. In television there are no retakes. You cut as you go. It's got to be right the first time.

Television was about ready for immediate commercialization when Pearl Harbor forced the industry to mark time, but engineers agree that the war has hastened electronic developments to a point that could not have been expected for 15 years under normal circumstances.

You'll have plenty of chance to play with this war baby. You may want to adopt it for your own and grow up with it economically.

By the time war came, 7,000 American families owned receiving sets on which they saw and heard several hours of television each week. The screens were up to 11¼ by 15 inches, and unless you crawled right on top of the machines, you couldn't tell that the flickerless pictures were formed by 525 lines of light sweeping across the face of the screens 30 times a second.

That degree of near-perfection was the product of 60 years of electrical experimentation, using the principle that you have to break up the picture into small elements and transmit them one at a time. A metal scanning disc with holes in a spiral pattern gave way to a cathode-ray tube with a fluorescent screen giving off light wherever struck by electrons generated within the tube. This tube became the receiving "screen" of visual broadcasting, the kinescope. Meanwhile Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin patented the iconoscope, a dipper-shaped glass tube which translates into electrical currents any light images focused on an enclosed sensitized plate. The iconoscope is now the heart of the television camera.

By 1936 Germany was experimenting with a long-distance telephone-and-television set-up. England was peddling receivers and by the time war began had 40,000 sets that were tuning in on daily telecasts. And Scophony Ltd. was projecting televised news events onto screens in London movie houses, translating television impulses into supersonic waves that gave enlarged images up to 20 feet in width. The Scophony Corporation of America was formed in 1943.

The first big-scale experimental television in the U. S. began in 1939 when RCA televised events from the New York World's Fair. After taking a look at these transmissions, the Federal Communications Commission recommended that experiments should continue until September 1940 before any decisions were reached about commercial television.

By December 1941, nine television stations in five cities held licenses for commercial operation. They were NBC, CBS and the Allen B. DuMont Laboratories in New York; the Zenith Radio Corporation and Balaban & Katz in Chicago; the Don Lee System and the Paramount Television Productions in Los Angeles; the Philco Radio Corporation in Philadelphia, and the General Electric station here in Schenectady. At that time there were 900 radio-broadcasting stations, including 46 FM (frequency-modulation) stations.

According to Lt. Gen. James G. Harbord, chairman of RCA's board of directors, production of radio-electronic equipment for the United Nations' armed forces now totals $250 million a month. That leaves very little of the necessary materials around for civilian use, but it means a lot of practical experience will be gained in the use and development of electronic devices. And thousands of men who will be valuable to post-war television are being trained.

WHILE these technical advances have been made, there is a commercial rivalry going on that threatens to stymie the industry's progress. CBS claims that equipment designed by its engineers will give better television pictures, including color, than anything on the market. There's one drawback. The CBS process will work only in the ultra-high frequencies of the broadcast spectrum, and none of the equipment already manufactured or planned by any other television outfit is capable of transmitting or receiving signals in the ultra-high frequencies.

CBS has asked the FCC to boost all television broadcasting into 31 channels, each 16 megacycles wide, in the UHF above 300 megacycles, and to withdraw permission for television to operate in lower frequencies. RCA and DuMont have countered with requests that post-war television be assigned to 26 channels, each six megacycles wide, within the present range of frequencies. (There are only 18 channels allocated to television right now.)

CBS, describing UHF as the "natural habitat" of television, says old equipment should be scrapped right now. About $22 million has been invested in television in the U. S. already, and CBS is afraid that, if the industry continues to operate in the present range for a few years, so much more cash will be sunk in it that better television will be sacrificed for dirty old money.

Opponents of the CBS proposal say Columbia has the smallest stake in present-day television, that the superiority of UHF transmission has not been proven and may not be for years, and that the shift can be made to the upper spectrum any time, if and when experiments warrant.

The FCC, with more than 80 applications for television permits and 50 for FM stations on hand, will make the decision. Probably the heavy investments will not be ignored, and television will continue in the same frequencies for some time if only to make sure that the industry gets a foothold right after the war.

There's another conflict going on at the same time—a smaller one, in which the opponents are the movie people and the radio people.

For a long time a lot of movie moguls have

tried to pretend there is no such thing as television, but they're not playing ostrich anymore. Earle G. Hines, director of Scophony, contends that the movies have the most to offer television. He says the only thing that gives the radio industry the inside track is its technical knowledge of television's apparatus.

Both 20th Century-Fox and Paramount own pieces of Scophony. Paramount shares heavily in the DuMont television interests and has its own stations in Hollywood and Chicago.

Ralph B. Austrian, executive vice-president of the RKO-Television Corporation, thinks the motion-picture industry will absorb television because the movies can shell out more money for exclusive coverage of special events than radio broadcasters could afford. There are 18,000 movie houses that can seat 11,700,000 people in 1,015 cities of the U. S. These theaters take in about $150 million per month. In two months, their paid admissions equal the revenue from a whole year of radio broadcasting.

If the movies decide to televise special events as part of their regular screen fare, "no sponsor of telecast programs could afford to meet the ante of the movie exhibitors," Austrian says. "Madison Square Garden would become merely a studio in which to provide a ring, some lights and a few thousand witnesses to boxing matches. Millions of fight fans in theaters around the country would make up the Garden's real audience—not the favored few in the $27.50 ringside seats." The same goes for the Kentucky Derby, the World Series and all the rest.

In turn, television broadcasters plan to put movie film to *their* uses, both as straight program material and for special effects. Most outdoor and action scenes for television dramas or educational programs will probably be filmed. On your home television screen you'll see a murderer leave his victim and climb out a window. That will be studio stuff. In the next scene, the murderer escapes in a long black limousine that crashes into a store front and goes up in flames. That'll be film, photographed especially for the production and dubbed in at the right moment in the broadcast. It's going to leave television studio audiences, who see only the action on the sound stage, a little bewildered sometimes.

Eventually television may be able to absorb 20 times the present film output of the motion-picture industry. Film that is shot especially for television will require distinct techniques. You'll see fewer long shots and scenes with masses of people, because the television screen is so small that it loses detail in anything beyond a "medium" shot. And films, as well as all other television programs, will have to be edited for home-and-family consumption. A television actor is never playing to an audience. He is performing for a small group of people—including women and children—in their own living room. He mustn't overplay or use certain words.

TELEVISION may bring a blessed end to the overripe announcer who throws himself into a genteel tizzy over a jar of face cream or some irresistible cure-all. Very few announcers could read that stuff with a straight face if they knew they were seen as well as heard. Television may also mark the passing of crooners and the return of singers, because some of the current swoon sensations couldn't make themselves heard if the mike was a few feet above their heads, out of range of the camera.

The expansion of television doesn't mean standard broadcasting will have to throw in the sponge. There are a lot of chores around the house, and the average housewife won't be able to sit around with her eyes glued on a little screen. While she does her dishes and mending, she'll keep on listening to Just Plain Homer Cromer's Second Wife.

Television programmers realize that the mere addition of sight to sound doesn't mean that a program will be better. Sixty percent of today's radio programs are largely musical, and most people don't enjoy just looking at an orchestra—unless it's Phil Spitalny's all-girl ensemble. So it may not be worth the added expense to televise straight orchestral programs.

Television cannot be simply visual radio, televised stage plays or movies flashed into the home. "What we are doing today in television," says Hoyland Bettinger, WRGB's manager, "is merely piling up evidence that better things are possible. We must feel around and suit our programs to the medium, not superimpose the techniques of other media on television."

Television is hampered at the moment by technical obstacles that may vanish when strategic materials are available. Programs with the best audience reactions so far are variety shows, comic opera and character dramas. News broadcasts with animated maps, sports like the Army-Notre Dame game, and election-night box scores such as CBS and several other studios televised are also regarded as good television.

In October the DuMont station, WABD, in New York staged the first full-length musical comedy written for television—"The Boys from Boise," sponsored by *Esquire* magazine.

These wartime programs have ironed out many bugs. Directors have learned that it is better not to use many blondes in a cast; they create mild electronic disturbances. And the heat from lights during camera rehearsals and broadcasting bothers violinists because their strings expand out of pitch. If you have a scene in which a character must eat ice cream under the lights—which sometimes kick out 120 degrees in the middle of a program—you simply serve him a dipperful of mashed potatoes. WRGB beats the heat problem with water-cooled mercury-vapor lights.

Television's performers are coming from everywhere—stage, screen and radio actors, the garage mechanic down the street, the high-school girl who stays with your baby while you take your wife to the movies.

AT least one outfit will produce a television show on 24 hours' notice—the Television Workshop in New York, which can supply everything from an author to a suit of armor on request. The Workshop has put on 100 shows in a year, ranging all the way from Shakespeare to the bloodiest whodunits.

Some of the shows staged by the Workshop now for $250 may cost up to $20,000 after the war. Irwin Shane, head of the Workshop, says that right now performers are anxious to work and will accept small pay for a chance to crack television. Most studios don't charge for air time now, either. NBC's pre-war rate was $270 an hour, $150 a half hour and $90 for 15 minutes. Similar rates will probably prevail again, and a television sponsor will have to hire talent on top of that. "The Boys from Boise," for instance, reportedly cost *Esquire* $15,000 to produce at WABD, with no charge for air time.

Television sponsors who want their programs on film, so they can be used more than once or in different parts of the country, will probably have to pay as much as those hiring live-talent shows—an estimated minimum of $1,000 a screen-minute for a first-class television film.

But big advertisers, accustomed to high-price radio programs, no longer faint when $25,000 is mentioned for a half-hour show, so one of these days television will probably be urging you to buy soap, tires, cars and to drive to Florida for the winter. NBC has televised more than 125 commercial programs and claims that television advertising will prove 10 times more effective than all other methods combined. Soon you will see as well as hear Johnny paging Philip Morris, and Aunt Jemima will step right off the side of the box and fry up some pancakes before your eyes.

Joseph M. Guilfoyle, writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, reported that manufacturers would be ready to roll out television sets within six to nine months after the War Production Board gives them the green light. You'll be able to get a table model for $125 up. Console models, with television, AM, FM, short-wave bands and a record player, will sell for $225 to $1,000.

If you're interested in the other end of the business—operating your own television station—you'll be able to set yourself up with two to five cameras, two movie channels, a 40-kw video transmitter, a 20-kw audio transmitter and all necessary operating equipment for $300,000. It will cost you $117 an hour to keep that rig on the air eight hours a day, seven days a week, according to James D. McLean, television sales manager for GE. For as low as $48,000, you can set up a satellite station having low-power transmitters but no equipment for originating "live" programs of your own.

Bill Still, a 30-year-old Negro in Jamaica, N. Y., is equipping a small television station with a 17-by-25-foot studio for only $20,000, by building everything himself.

"Jeep" transmitters will probably be in wide use by department stores, Irwin Shane says. You can have 50 screens scattered throughout your store and catch the eye of your customers with "live" ads of anything you're trying to plug. Your transmitter, two cameras, studio equipment and screens will run about $100,000.

The brightest image on television's post-war screen is the employment picture. According to Thomas F. Joyce, general manager of RCA's radio-phonograph-television division, there will be 600,000 employed directly by the radio-television industry by the end of the fifth year of full commercialization. This includes manufacturers, dealers, broadcasting stations, commercial communications, service- and repairmen, and cabinet manufacturers. That's about double the number employed when radio was operating alone before the war.

Paul Hoffman, chairman of the board of the Committee for Economic Development, believes that within 10 years after television hits its stride, the resulting increase in demands for goods and services in all economic fields will create 4,600,000 new jobs. GIs now working with radar and other electronic instruments especially will be in demand for television jobs.

HOW soon television really gets into long pants depends on *1)* the sale of receiving sets, *2)* the reaction of advertisers to televised commercials and *3)* the establishment of network television.

R. L. Smith, superintendent of technical operations here at WRGB, considers the third factor the most important. He thinks that, once you have successful network transmission, sets will sell readily and advertisers will become more interested in television as the number of their prospective customers increases.

The problem of network transmission isn't licked yet, but engineers are working on it. NBC has asked the FCC for stations in Washington, D. C., Chicago, Denver, Cleveland, San Francisco and Los Angeles as regional network "feeders."

Two methods of relaying the television signal —which travels only tangent to the earth's curve by line of sight to the horizon—have proved successful. One of these is transmission by coaxial cable, which carries the television impulses by wires centered in metal tubes. Coaxial cable costs about $10,000 a mile to install. The second method is by radio relay. A radio relay is an unattended low-power transmitter operating in the UHF bands. It is mounted on a 200-foot tower with a highly directive antenna that beams a signal to another relay station 25 to 30 miles away. The second station, equipped with a highly directive receiving antenna pointed toward the first station, is connected with an amplifier. The amplifier in turn connects with another transmitting antenna for further relaying of the signal.

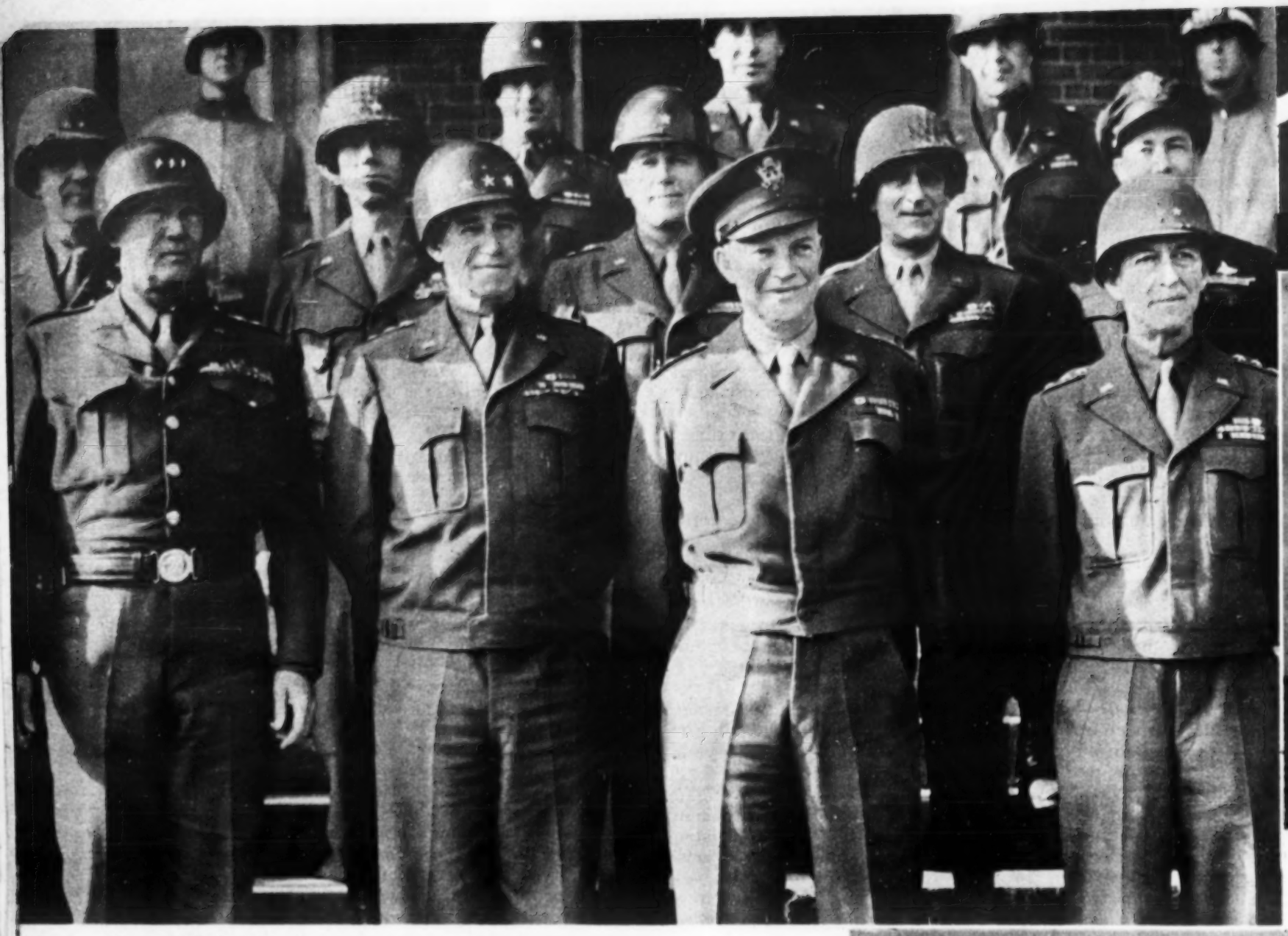
By means of radio relays, the station here in Schenectady regularly rebroadcasts television programs originating in New York City. Philco "bounces" programs into Philadelphia from New York the same way. American Telephone and Telegraph has permission to put up relay points between New York and Boston. Philco has the FCC's okay to construct seven mobile relays for use between Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia, and hopes to televise the inauguration of the President Jan. 20, 1945.

Television has a long history of promises, but you have only to look around here at Schenectady to know that if the industry can live peacefully in its own house, the promises will be kept.

Television-builder Bill Still holds an iconoscope

Variety

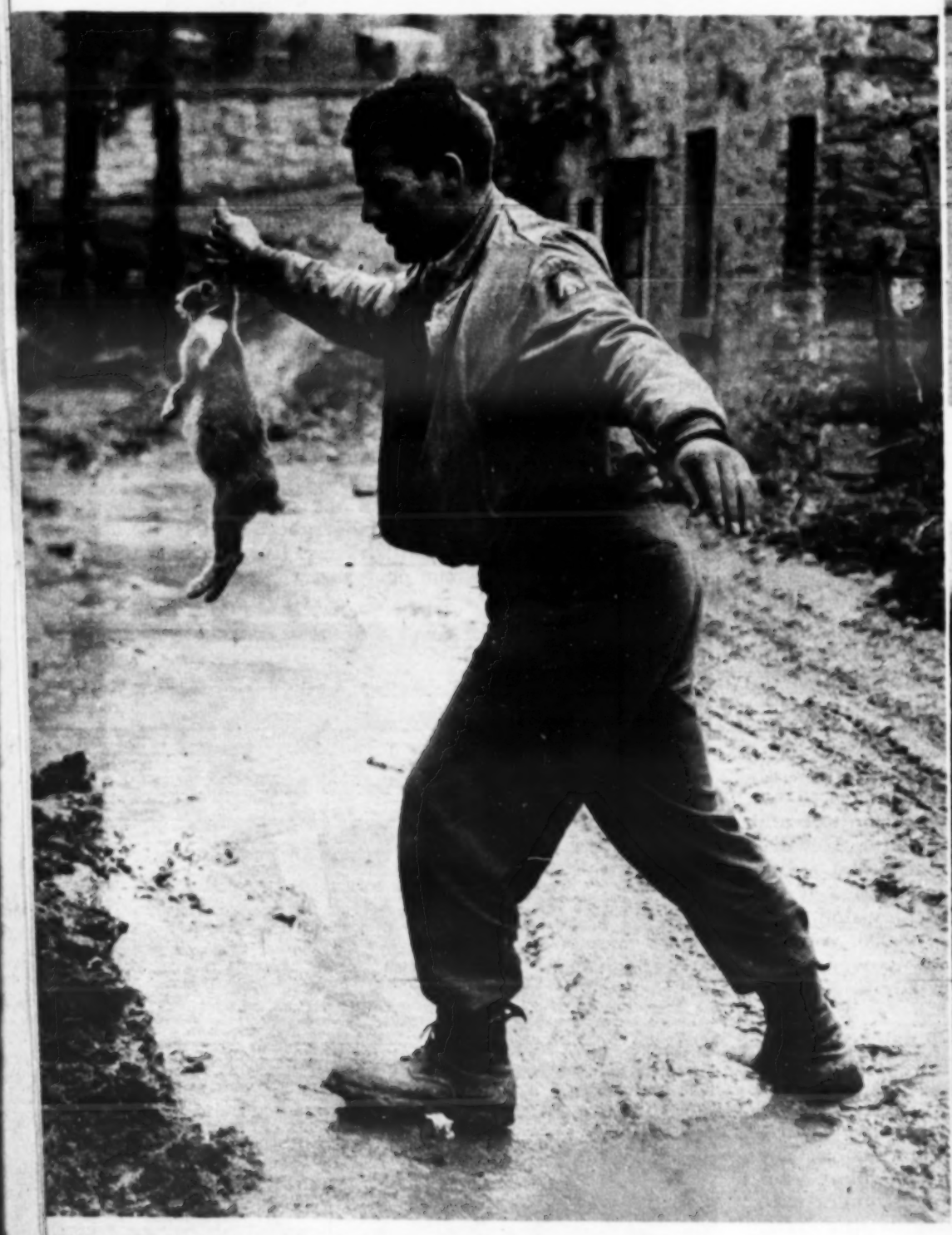
PRODUCED BY THE CAMER



TWENTY-SEVEN STARS. This photo full of rank was made at an unspecified headquarters in Belgium. Front row (l. to r.): Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr., Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hodges. Second row: Maj. Gen. William B. Kean, Maj. Gen. Charles H. Corlett, Maj. Gen. J. Lawton Collins, Major. Gen. Leonard T. Gerow, Maj. Gen. Elwood R. Quesada. Third row: Maj. Gen. Leven C. Allen, Brig. Gen. Charles E. Hart, Brig. Gen. Truman C. Thorson. The two MPs in the last row have not yet received their commissions.

RESCUE PREVIEW. A Coast Guard helicopter picks up a pal from a personnel boat moving

HELPING HANDS. Pfc. Dale Hickman, an infantryman on Noemfor Island in the Schoutens, finds some willing partners on an oil-drum-unloading detail. Kids on the island like Yanks.



RUGGED RABBIT. The pet rabbit which Pfc. Lloyd T. Tegge is carrying with such care across a muddy Italian road is Rexine Gothic, veteran of Fifth Army fighting along the entire Gothic line in the Apennines.

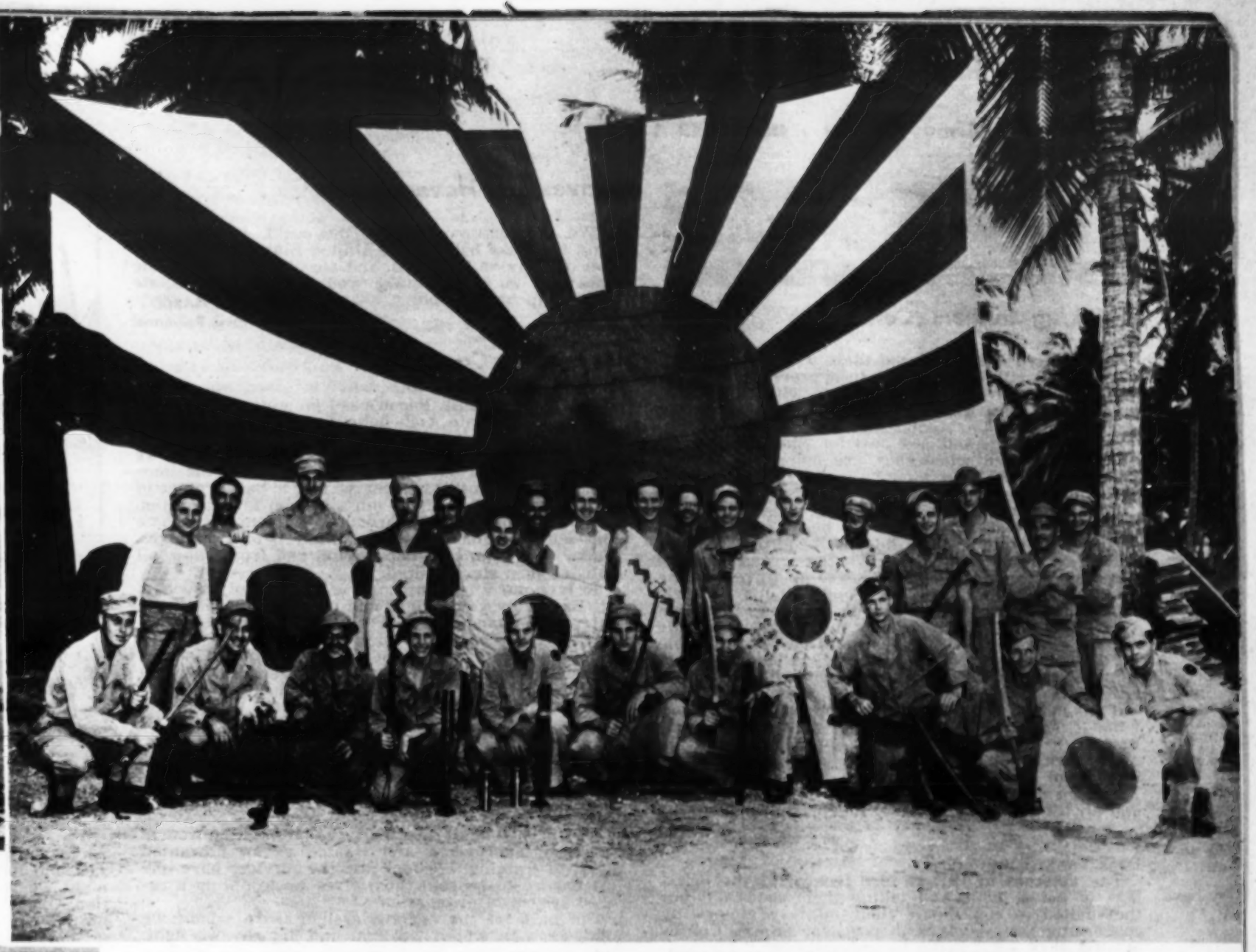
DECORATION. Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr. pins the Silver Star on Pvt. Ernest A. Jenkins. Award was for heroism at Chateaudun.

FEET MEET. A friendly Chinese farm woman compares her tiny dogs with those of Lt. Ruth Allair, ANC, as Lt. Ruth Frost watches.

Shots

AMERAS OF THE WORLD

at a 20-knot speed. The stunt was to show how the new U-type rescue harness operates at sea.



SAIPAN SOUVENIRS. Members of Co. C, 105th Infantry, 27th Division, display some mementos of Saipan. The large Jap flag, possibly the largest captured to date, was the Jap garrison flag of the island.

STRICTLY GAG. When a hurricane passed near Elorida, publicity men at Miami Beach posed this look-out.

RAIL JEEP. Just to prove it can do anything, this jeep sets out to provide some competition for the railroads. Special wheels replacing the usual tires enable it to hoot up and down these tracks in France.

FIRE POWER. Cpl. George Avram, Hawaiian Jungle Training Center, uses both arms to teach USO actress Dorothy Fay how to fire a light machine gun from the hip.

ARMY SPECIALIST. Some GIs are technical experts in mechanics, some lead bands. Sgt. Fred Parker, serving in Ramgarh, India, is different. He bites the ears of mules. In this photograph he is caught operating on a new arrival from the U.S. while a veterinary officer brands the lucky animal's neck.

MAIL CALL

Thinking Soldiers (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of YANK, there was a large group of letters written in answer to a previous letter by Sgt. Irving Cohen in Iran. I agree with Sgt. Cohen but I also agree with the others. [Sgt. Cohen stated that the majority of soldiers are ignorant of why they wear the uniform and care only for "their own miserable selves" and when they are going home.—*Ed.*]

Most American soldiers only want to get back home and out of uniform, and I am one of them. But the trouble is that, as far as they are concerned, that is all they are fighting for. How in hell do they expect to prevent another war if this is all the interest they show in the post-war world? The ex-servicemen will have the most to say after the war about preventing another war. Therefore, they ought to pay a little more attention to what's going to happen to them and their country. But Sgt. Cohen had no right to say we were ignorant and selfish. He should speak for himself.

So far as the difference between Iran and a combat zone is concerned I must disagree with the other letter writers. There may not be any fighting in Iran but any man who has spent 6 to 24 months here knows what it means to work and sweat with the temperature up to 120 in the shade and over 160 in the sun, where men are in the hospital a good percentage of the time from prickly heat, malaria and sand-fly fever. Tell them about Red Cross accommodations and dances and all the comforts of home. It's news to me, too.

Iran —Pfc. S. P. OSTILLER

Dear YANK:

The veterans of 1917-18 also fought for the privilege of going home and taking their shoes off, but they failed to consolidate their military victory by concerning themselves with post-war affairs. Consequently they went home to unemployment, rampant racism, a nation confounded by world upheavals and, finally, another and greater war. . . .

Sgt. Cohen is, I reluctantly believe, 90 percent correct. With few exceptions, no GI or officer whom I have encountered has viewed the war as anything but a gigantic conspiracy to make things tough for himself personally.

Iran —Sgt. HUGH McGILVERY

Dear YANK:

Sgt. Cohen certainly took a beating for criticizing the when-are-we-going-home boys. If I had seen his letter I might have agreed with some of it. I definitely do not agree with Sgt. Lawrence Butler et al, who "are not fighting this war to gain anything but merely to hold those precious freedoms we had." That is a meaningless platitude unless amplified.

I am older than the average GI. Back in 1922 I had my own business and employed a World War I veteran as an apprentice at the request of the Rehabilitation Program. Twenty years later I resigned a WPA supervisory job; my project folded up due to relief workers, not a few of whom were War I vets, finding employment in industry for this war's production. During that 20-year interval I witnessed a lot of "freedoms" I don't want to see when I go home. Herewith are a few examples:

To speak viciously from public platforms against Catholics, Jews, Negroes; to deny the right of franchise to Negroes; to juggle finance and stock markets into another economic collapse; to receive a hungry lot of bonus-seeking veterans at the White House with tear gas; to use the press as a weapon against labor and progressive social reform or to blind the American people with half-truths and deliberate falsehoods concerning world affairs; to use public police in murdering peaceful strike demonstrators; to form associations, trusts, combines and cartels for the purpose of preventing public-owned projects, controlling natural resources and patent rights, holding down colonial peoples and small nations and fomenting wars.

Soldiers bitch and want to go home because they lead a helluva life. Soldier sons will do the same unless soldier fathers think hard and honestly.

India —Pvt. J. T. WOOLSEY

Dear YANK:

I wish to answer the letters that appeared in a recent edition of YANK in answer to a letter I wrote to YANK some time ago. I realize now that the true intent of the article has been distorted by various people, and that it was inaptly stated by me. I apologize for not using more appropriate wording. . . .

The letters of criticism are all in the same category, all ambiguous. Not one answered the question, "What are we fighting for?" It seems that the truth hurts and when they are hurt they cry. They readily agree with me that all they think of is going home. If they were aware of the true issues of this conflict, then they would give more thought to the victory, to the welfare of the world, and less thought to themselves.

Knowing truly the purposes of their fighting, they would care more for a better world and would not be infected with ulterior selfish philosophy. The resources of the world are God's gift to the whole human race. If we pretend we are at war merely because the Japs attacked us at Pearl Harbor, we are depriving the greatest of human tragedies of all its meaning. . . .

I am fighting for the right of the colored man to vote in 48 states, for the abolishment of all Jim Crow laws, for the right of any qualified man to hold any position regardless of race, creed or color, for the right of every man to earn a wage that will afford him more than just the bare necessities of life. These are the fundamental principles of a true democracy.

Iran —Sgt. IRVING COHEN

Haves and Have-Nots

Dear YANK:

We, the mess personnel of this outfit, wish to know why the mess halls in the United States have all the can openers and no cans, and we over here have the cans and no openers. We would greatly appreciate your help in this matter. —T/Sgt. GIDO DE MARCO and Mess Personnel

India

Sympathy Card

Dear YANK:

We have read Lt. Bacou's sad lament regarding his inability to obtain such delicacies as liquor and women because of the "gestapo" of "permanent parties" which unjustly kept those things from him. Thus we sincerely extend our deepest sympathies to the lieutenant, whom in this respect we feel to be a brother of circumstance. We believe our situation to be parallel. However, our liquor is guarded by civilians back home and seldom is dangled tantalizingly before our eyes. Under this banner of deprivation and frustration, all enlisted men stand united.

In fact, our affections have been so deeply touched, Lt. Bacou, by your plight and ours that we desire to extend some tangible token of fraternity. Please, therefore, accept what we would confer upon you by our common consent, the degree "Honorary Enlisted Man." Enclosed please find a punched-out beer chit—all that we have to offer as your diploma and certificate of membership.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —H. S. BALDWIN PhoM2c*

*Also signed by seven others.

Orientation Course

Dear YANK:

We in this outfit feel that the orientation course has been overlooked and treated as an unwanted detail of training. We feel that the services have one last chance to redeem themselves by initiating a revised system of orientation.

The basis of the current system is *1)* whom we fight, *2)* with whom we fight and *3)* why we fight. This system must be changed to show the soldiers *1)* the power of the ballot, *2)* what cooperation can do to lessen international friction and *3)* their rights as Americans.

If such a program is executed properly, the armed forces will have placed a stimulating force of 11,000,000 men back into civilian clothes. This force could form a nucleus for a people more educated and oriented on the causes and preventions of war.

France —Sgt. RODMAN T. GREENE*

*Also signed by Pvts. William Becker, Walter Kittle and Walter McGaw, and Pfc. S. Simon Scheff, Michael Sanders and Gordon Reitz.

Bring 'Em Back Alive

Dear YANK:

This inspection-crazy outfit has a fly detail every day. The bulletin board bears the names of two men every day whose duties are to catch flies alive and put them in our fly traps, which can't seem to do well enough on their own. When the major comes around to inspect the fly traps, he is crazy with praise because the traps have done such a good job. I think our CO even feeds the flies to keep them alive for the inspection.

I'd like to hear of a screwier detail.

Camp Stewart, Ga. —(Name Withheld)

Insurance

Dear YANK:

In a letter to *Mail Call*, Pvt. Ellis L. Geilbert of Guadalcanal said that our service insurance is good for five years at the present low rate, after which time we would have to have it converted into regular insurance. The premium rates in most cases, he said, would triple. He suggested a bill be passed to provide for government aid, such as extending the same premium rates for another five-year period or at least for a year, which would enable many to get jobs and get settled and carry insurance easily.

This is a very good idea, but I will go a little better. We hear a lot of talk about a bonus we will get when we are discharged—$300 or $500 or some such amount. In most cases, such an amount of money would be spent at once on a well-deserved vacation and then the guys would have nothing.

I suggest that the Government pass a bill which will let all servicemen carry this insurance after discharge at the rates they are at present paying. If it is possible for us to have this insurance at low rates during war when billions are being spent, I think it would be possible in peace. I personally think this would really be doing something for the servicemen.

India —Lt. L. P. HANSEN

Suggestion to the Marines

Dear YANK:

The Marines are exceptionally good soldiers, but we doggies who sweat out the same hardships are given hardly any consideration for our work. Since this elite corps is supposedly recapturing island after island, why not send us poor barking doggies home and let the publicity agents of the Marine Corps win the war with their pencils?

Pacific —Cpl. H. L. FORD

Can't Stand It

Dear YANK:

I have been in the Pacific for 21 months and have seen a lot of the USO shows. They are wonderful while the act is on—the girls in their tights and evening gowns—but after everything is over, that's

北々七頭は何かと小風間
々 間いれか！

Jap Cartoon

Dear YANK:

We have puzzled for a week over the enclosed cartoon. Are we thick, or isn't it supposed to be funny?

Camp Campbell, Ky. —QM Laundry Office

Dear YANK:

What the hell does it mean?

Camp Hoon, Calif. —Pfc. A. L. HERRNSTEIN

■ The caption on Sgt. Locke's cartoon says: "Have we had any good news lately?"

where the going is tough. It makes me so darn homesick and lonesome I can't hardly stay still. Only last night we had a show with five girls entitled "Situation Normal." I couldn't hardly say that about myself, for I felt about half nuts.

Guess that is the reaction of a guy after he becomes island-happy and gets the sight of a nice pair of legs. But where there is a couple of thousand on the same hillside thinking the same thing, oh boy, what competition a fellow would have.

Now, I don't mean to say I wish they would stop coming overseas with their shows, but personally I could get along better if I never saw a girl until I could get her in my arms like the old days was.

New Caledonia —Pvt. F. H. HOOVER

24th Infantry

Dear YANK:

In a recent article in YANK, Sgt. Carl Ritter stated that the 24th Infantry Regiment was the first Army unit to set foot upon the New Hebrides. May I enlighten Sgt. Ritter upon a few facts? Two companies of the veteran Americal Division, of which I am a former member, landed on one of the islands in the New Hebrides group on Mar. 18, 1942. We were securely established there when components of the 24th Infantry landed upon the same island some time during April 1942. My former unit still retains the honor of being the first mud-sloggers to set foot upon the soil of the New Hebrides.

Harmon General Hospital, Tex. —T-5 WOODROW W. JONES

Rotation and PWs

Dear YANK:

I was reading an article the other day by one of the members of the brass in the Pacific Theater who said that the reason more men hadn't been shipped home on rotation was that all of the available boats were needed to promote a winning war with the Japs.

I wouldn't want anything in the world to hinder the progress of that Japanese campaign, but I have an idea that, if the boats used to transport Axis prisoners of war to America were used to return war-weary soldiers for a much-needed rest, the morale of our troops would benefit a hundredfold.

Personally I have a great love for our Italian and German superman and I would like to see him get the best of everything in retribution for his hideous crimes, but the deserts of Africa have some lovely acres with plenty of space to keep these characters in a thinking mood, learning that war isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Italy —Cpl. JOE ABERWALD*

*Also signed by Charles M. Alderson.

Rank Means Nothing

Dear YANK:

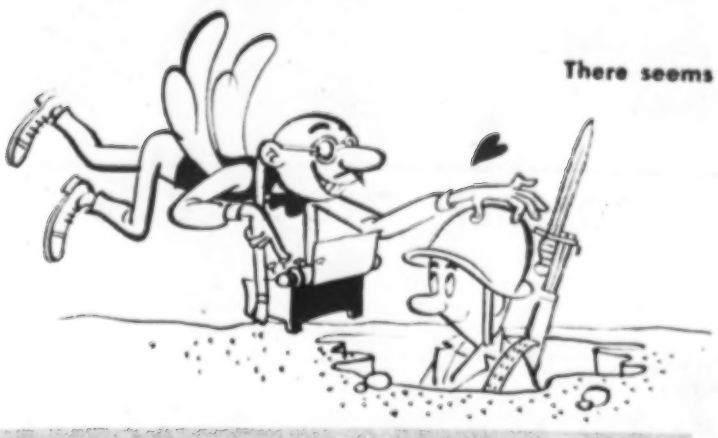
Having been in the service over seven years and just returned from 50 months overseas, I'd like to ask why we have to put up with such treatment as is handed out at this joint.

I came back with a service group which had spent three years overseas. When we got here, we were put through basic training with no regard for a man's length of service. Old-timers with 20-odd years take it along with recruits, and the drill "sergeant" is usually a pfc with at least six months in. Rank means nothing, which is a bit hard to take when we have to take orders from pfcs and corporals, and like it.

It seems to me that men who have been over there fighting this war deserve a better break than to be pushed around and treated like so many kids. When a man gets reduced for having the bill of his fatigue cap turned up in good old Air Corps style, it's time to do something.

What we need most is an Air Corps run by flying officers, as it used to be, and let the 90-day flashes go back to peddling fish.

Fresno ASCTC, Calif. —T/Sgt. PAUL J. SCHMITT



There seems to be an advertising man in every foxhole.

Advertising Has Gone to War

Copywritten by Sgt. AL HINE
Art Directed by Sgt. RALPH STEIN

THIS is a good time of the year, just as we are getting into a holiday glow, for every GI to pause for a few moments of silent wonder at the advertising profession. There is a moot question in this war (it has been a moot war all along, too) as to which has done more for the other, the dogface or the advertising copywriter. A fair examination will reveal that, next to his rifle, GI Joe's best friend is the typewriter tycoon of the advertising agency.

For the advertising profession not only knows what we are fighting for; it knows exactly, down to the last uplift bra, what we want when we come home. And it also knows precisely how we live on the various fighting fronts.

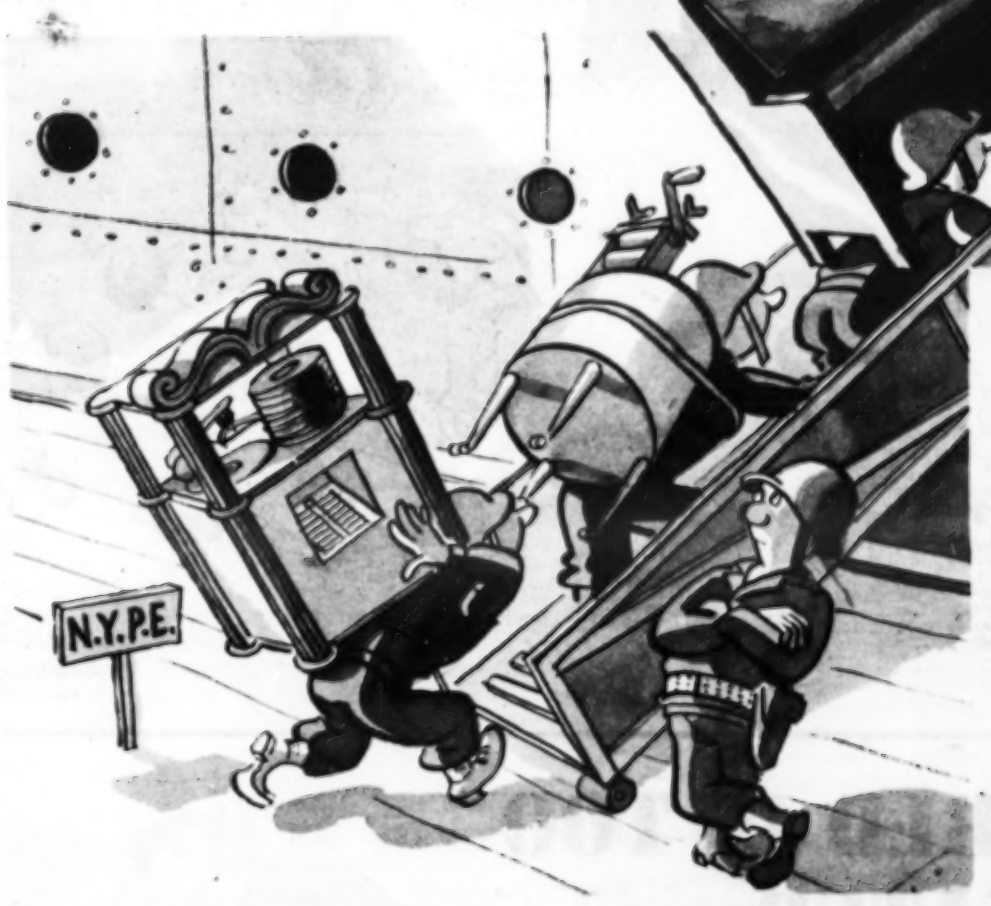
It is the copywriters of advertising who nurse the carefully guarded secret that this war is, in reality, a luxury cruise. They know we aren't alone in our foxholes. Everything from Aunt Elinor's radio to Uncle Eben's toothbrush has "gone to war" with us.

If you don't believe this, look at the ads. On page after page you will see a picture of a hungry civilian asking for a rib roast, a new convertible, a crushproof necktie or some nylons for his honey. And, on page after page, you will see the advertising man brush him off rudely for his lack of patriotism with the stirring slogan: "Meat has gone to war! Superdupermobile has gone to war! Kravatko has gone to war! Honey has gone to war!"

It's nice to know that our more abundant life in ODs is getting some recognition. Dawdling over a cafe royale in our fur-lined slit trench, we can depend on advertising to keep the home folks up to date on combat conditions.

As to what we are fighting for, that's even simpler to the agency idea man. The soldier who doesn't know by now that he is fighting for blueberry pie and the right (no doubt written into the Four Freedoms) to boo the Dodgers is a dry stick indeed. Shunned by his friends, he has become an object more of pity than blame.

Picture, if you will, the life such an outcast leads. It's after the battle and his buddies, arms interlocked and facing a Technicolor camera, are endorsing their favorite cigarettes and singing "Good-bye, Mama, I'm Off to Yokahoma!" He edges up and tries to start a conversation. "We done awright today," he says. "Pretty soon we'll be cleaned up on all these stinkers."



Girdles, gadgets and the kitchen sink "go to war" with GI Joe, it says here.

The good-natured singing and banter die down as a tactful sergeant takes him aside. "We'd rather you didn't talk that way, old son," he says. "It's better you should forget all this bitterness and concentrate on our war aims. Think of a nice big glass of Popsi-Whoopso. Think of how it sizzles and crackles and what relief it gives to your parched throat. Think of the premiums with each big bottle. That's how to get into the swing of this war, laddie buck."

The world we come home to will be largely laid out for us in advance by these same thoughtful moguls. It's none too soon for us to get down on our knees and start thanking them.

We haven't had to make a single peep as to our preferences. Advertising has figured them all out in advance. Our girls, guided by scintillant copy, will have become such paragons of charm that Hedy Lamarr will look like a barracks bag beside them. They will bulge alarmingly in the proper places and will have removed all unsightly body hair with Whizzo, the safe, odorless, colorless, laughing-eyed depilatory. Some of the girls will have taken this last treatment too literally and included the hair on top of their heads; every war has its casualties.

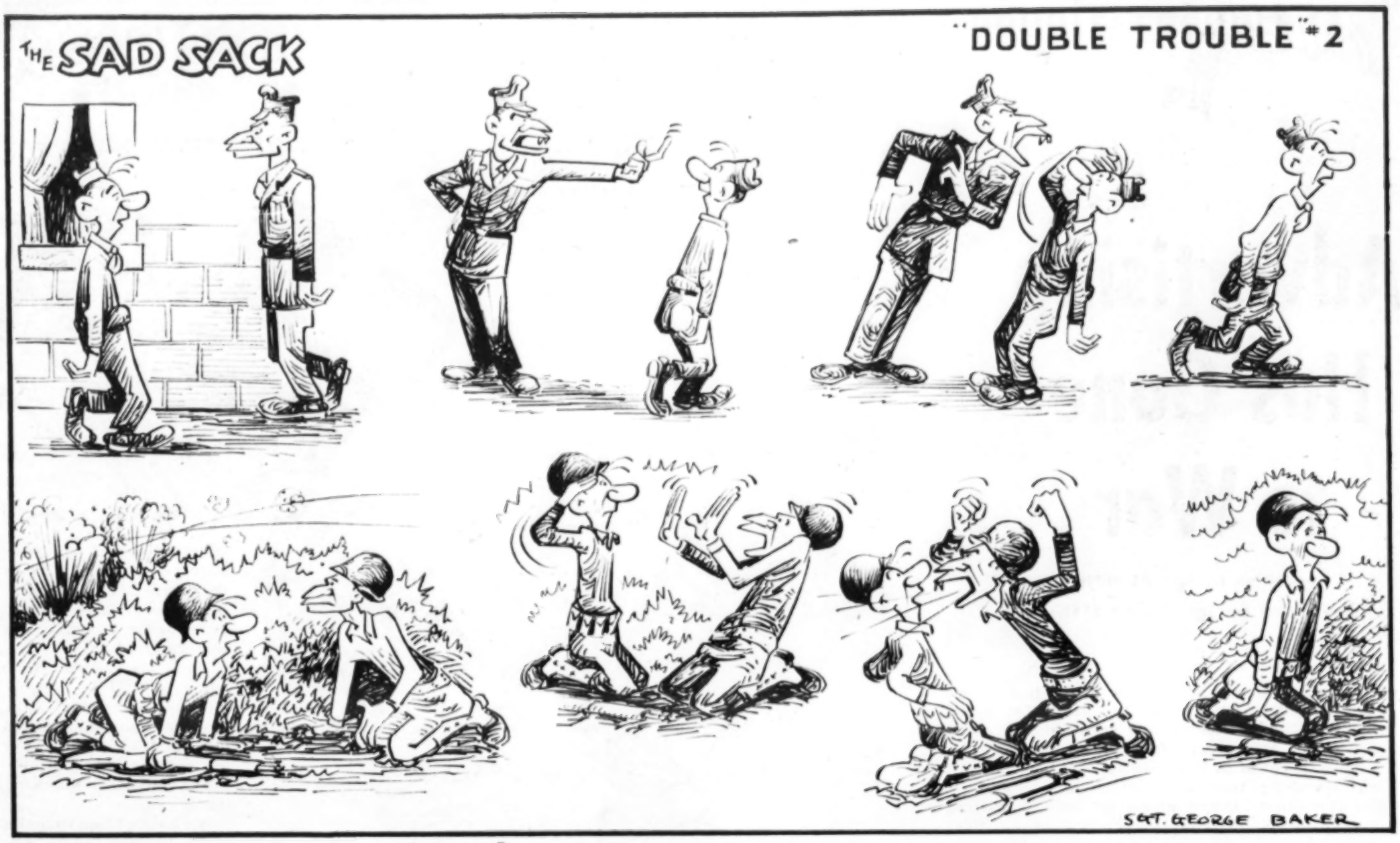
The homes that wait for us will be a tidy combination of Hans Christian Andersen and Jules Verne. They will be inch-thick with glass and plastic, but they will have all the allure of the rose-covered cottage of honeymoon dreams. Television receivers, thinly disguised as tiger-skin rugs, will disgorge fried chicken from a hidden glove compartment.

It will be a world like you've never seen this side of a Section VIII ward. It will be homey and new, and shiny and soft, and robust and restful, and cheap and expensive, and thick and thin, and sharp and dull. It will be everything and nothing.

It will be just one more addition to the list of thoughtful thingies for which the GI has to thank sweet old advertising.

"Stop, Gwendolyn! Desist! How can I boo the Dodgers if you keep stuffing me with blueberry pie?"

"Nix, Toots. I only play with girls who use Whizzo."



THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WATER

By Pvt. WILLIAM SAROYAN

"If there is one thing a man is apt to do the minute he gets into the Army," Pvt. Push Delaney said to his pal, Pvt. Brick Stumblefeather, "it's to remember." The two men were again stretched out on their backs on the far side of the new latrine pit coming up in Camp Oglethorpe, Tenn. The day was sweet and summery.

Pvt. Delaney's only disciple answered this remark with the one word which expressed his constant devotion and his everlasting interest.

"Correct," he said.

Pvt. Delaney continued. "And the things a man remembers are the things nobody would believe are worth remembering," he said. "They tell you a man who is drowning remembers everything that ever happened to him, but I think they are mistaken, because the time I was drowning the only thing I remembered was that I was drowning. I was 9 years old at the time and hadn't lived the rich life I've lived since then, so there wasn't much to remember. But I didn't even remember that.

"The most important event of my life up to the age of 9 was my coming face to face in the streets of my home town with a full-grown bear, but I didn't remember the bear while I was drowning. I kept remembering the water, and the terrible danger it is to anybody in a lot of it. Water is all that I could think about.

"Well, how much water does the average man need? A glass now and then to drink, a tub of it now and then to bathe in, and a couple of hundred gallons of it to come out of lawn sprinklers in the summertime. The way the stuff's supplied you'd think it was the most important thing in the world. First they cover three-quarters of the earth's surface with it, then they send 20,000 or 30,000 rivers of it racing all over the place, and then, on top of that, they keep pouring the stuff out of the sky on you."

"What was the bear doing there?" Pvt. Stumblefeather asked.

"It was lost," Pvt. Delaney said. "It had come down from the Coast Range mountains to Hanford, right on into town as if it knew somebody there, and that's the reason I was the only man in town at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Everybody had run off and locked themselves in their houses and stores."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. I thought it was somebody from out of town."

"I keep remembering the time I fell out of the magnolia tree," Pvt. Stumblefeather said.

"What did you do that for?"

"I never did like Osric."

"Well," Pvt. Delaney said, "some people a man likes, some he doesn't. Take Hawaiians."

"I don't like Hawaiians."

"That's exactly what I mean," Pvt. Delaney said, "and yet has it ever occurred to you that they are Americans and very courteous?"

"I didn't know that," Pvt. Stumblefeather said. "I just thought they did the hula-hula all the time."

"No," Pvt. Delaney said. "How long do you think you can do the hula-hula? Half a day at the most. I'd say the greater part of the life of the Hawaiian is spent sleeping."

"I thought they just danced."

"The Indians are the dancers if you want to get right down to it, but they like to lie down and call it a day, too. People get tired, but when you're in all that water, tired or not tired, you're in no mood to rest. I wasn't. I kept hollering."

"Help?"

"How did you know?"

"That's what I hollered when I fell out of the tree, but Osric just stood there and laughed."

"It's a funny thing about hollering for help," Pvt. Delaney said. "Hollering for help when you're in a lot of water with nobody around isn't going to get you any help, but when you've got all kinds of people all around you, you never think to holler for help."

"Where did the bear go?" Pvt. Stumblefeather asked.

"Back to the Coast Range mountains where it belonged. Equal rights are all right up to a point, but after that they get unequal. Treat a bear like a man and he'll take your money."

"Oh," Pvt. Stumblefeather said. "How about a coke?"

"You going to the PX?"

"I was thinking of it."

"Make it two."

"Oh-ah," Pvt. Stumblefeather said. "I believe you mentioned money."

"It's a fabulous theme," Pvt. Delaney said.

"I haven't got any," Pvt. Stumblefeather said. "Have you got a quarter I can borrow?"

"The East Africans," Pvt. Delaney said, "wore their money in their noses."

He took a long swig of water from his canteen. His pal took a long swig of water from his canteen. Pvt. Delaney smacked his lips, looked up at the fleecy white clouds overhead and said: "I remember an East African who came to Hanford when I was 11 years old with a $10 bill in his nose. He lived in Hanford seven years and never spent the money. We called him Dough-in-the-Nose Mose. He never took out citizenship papers, but he was a good janitor down at the SP Depot, and the year Herbert Hoover's train stopped for two minutes at Hanford they brought the fellow out of the smoking room to look at Hoover. When the train pulled out the old fellow turned to Joe Ryan the fireman and said, 'Who?' He wanted to know who Hoover was. Ryan said: 'Mose, you old miser, when are you going to blow your nose?' "

Pvt. Stumblefeather blew his nose, and Pvt. Delaney began to tell about a train down home—the local line—with a damaged whistle that made an awful funny noise in the old days.

YANK FICTION

"Slack season, gentlemen—afraid I'll have to let some of you go."

Combat Infantry Pay

A COMBAT infantryman's extra pay does not stop when he leaves his combat unit nor does an expert infantryman's extra pay stop when he leaves his infantry outfit *(WD Cir. 408, 17 Oct. 1944)*. The only exceptions are men who lose their badges for failure "to perform satisfactorily in ground combat against the enemy" or because they are assigned to the Medics or the Corps of Chaplains or are placed on flight pay. To avoid unnecessary loss of pay for their men, COs are asked not to assign expert or combat infantrymen to the Medics except at their own request.

The provisions of the law relating to this pay are effective as of Jan. 1, 1944, but the pay goes back only to the date on which the individual soldier was awarded the badge.

Any GI who feels he should have been awarded a badge may apply by letter through channels to The Adjutant General, stating the outfit in which he was serving when the badge was earned, dates of the service, why he believes the badge was earned and his present military address.

Sole Surviving Sons

Sole surviving sons of families that have lost two or more sons in the war will be returned to or retained in the continental U. S., except when the son is engaged in nonhazardous duty overseas. All requests should be directed to The Adjutant General, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C., and should include the full names of the sons killed in service, their serial numbers, the full name and serial number of the surviving son and a statement that he is the sole surviving son. Each case will be decided on its individual merits.

Philippine Ribbons

President Sergio Osmena of the Philippine Commonwealth has announced the creation of the Philippine Liberation Campaign Ribbon, which will be awarded to all members of U. S. and Philippine forces participating for at least 30 days in the present Philippine campaign. The ribbon will show two small blue-and-white vertical stripes in the center on a background of red.

A Philippine Defense Ribbon will be awarded by the Commonwealth to U. S. and Philippine soldiers who resisted the Japanese invasion of the Philippines for not less than 30 days from Dec. 7, 1941, to June 15, 1942. The ribbon will have two small vertical white stripes one quarter of the length from each end on a background of red and three small white stars arranged vertically at the center. The colors are those of the Philippine flag and the stars represent the three large island groups of the Philippines: Luzon, the Visayans and Mindanao.

President Osmena told YANK that orders for the ribbons are in Washington and that they will be awarded upon arrival in the Philippines.

THE ARMY'S NEW NYLON PONCHO for the South Pacific spreads out like this and becomes a shelter half. It can also be used as a foxhole cover, ground sheet, moistureproof bedroll or a raincoat.

Army Losses

Losses to the AUS from the beginning of the war through Aug. 31, 1944, totaled 1,357,000. War Department statistics showed:

	OFFICERS	ENLISTED	TOTAL
Total deaths	20,000	84,000	104,000
Honorable discharges	19,000	981,000	1,000,000
Prisoners and missing	20,000	66,000	86,000
Other separations	4,000	163,000	167,000
Totals	63,000	1,294,000	1,357,000

"Other separations" includes men placed in an inactive status, men given discharges other than honorable, retirements of Regular Army personnel and other miscellaneous separations.

Australian Immigration

Australia has set up a simplified procedure for granting landing and residential permits to U. S. ex-servicemen who wish to settle there. It dispenses with the formalities and guarantees required of foreign nationals under the ordinary Commonwealth Migration Laws. To obtain a permit of entry, the veteran must merely show that *1)* he has been honorably discharged from the U. S. services, *2)* he is in good health and *3)* he has "the qualifications to be self-supporting." Naturalization still requires five years' residence.

A-26 Invader

The A-26 Invader, AAF's newest and fastest all-purpose bomber, is now seeing action. Combining heavy firepower and bomb capacity with great speed, this new twin-engined plane was designed specifically for low- and medium-altitude operations. It can carry such an extremely flexible selection of machine guns, cannon, bombs and fuel that its offensive striking power is expected to be adaptable to almost any combat situation. It uses the recently developed NACA low-drag airfoil wing section, twin 2,000-horsepower engines and a new double-slotted flap which reduces landing speed and assists take-offs.

Transportation Records

ATC's daily transport of whole blood to Paris is 1¾ tons. . . . During one recent month, more than 46 million pounds of military cargo were flown across the Himalayas. . . . The Central African Division, longest overland link in ATC's supply route to China, has completed a year of operation without a fatal accident.

GI Shop Talk

The release of U. S. prisoners from the liberated Balkan territory was coordinated by USAFIME, the Army command in the Middle East. . . . A single squadron of the Eastern Air Command in Northern Burma destroyed 13 Japanese bridges in 13 days. . . . A contingent of 159 Wacs have arrived for duty on the Gold Coast of Africa. . . . Special Services has sent 25 civilian photo finishers to the European Theater to develop snapshots for GIs there. . . . The Signal Corps has developed a square telephone pole. . . . The incidence of malaria in the Army has been reduced to one-fourth of what it was early in the war. The death rate from all disease is one-twentieth as high as in the last war and the lowest ever recorded for the Army.

Bulletin Board

The Citizen's Committee for the Army and Navy offers enlisted men a monthly prize of $10 for the best poem, 500-word essay or 500-word humor piece; $10 for the best sketch and $15 for the best portrait head, four by five inches. Entries should be sent to the committee at 36 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y. . . . The Museum of Modern Art in New York has established a War Veterans Art Center for discharged members of the Army, Navy, Marines and Merchant Marine. It offers day and evening classes in sculpture and ceramics, drawing and painting, woodworking design, jewelry, metalwork, book illustration, wood engraving, graphic arts, silk-screen printing, lettering, layout and typography, and weaving. Requests for detailed information should be sent to the War Veterans Art Center, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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205 E. 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

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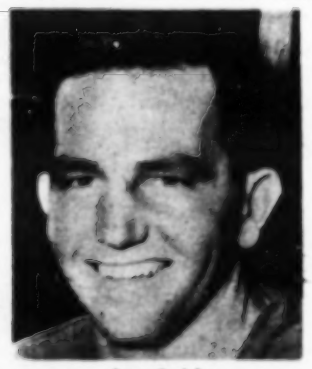
AAF HARMONY. Sgt. Al Pliner and WO Gilbert R. Fischer of Galveston Field, Tex., claim they form the first piano team in the AAF. Both played piano in civilian life. Now Sgt. Pliner leads the field orchestra, WO Fischer, the band.

HAPPY JITTERBUG. Pfc. Joseph Schneeberg, who came to the U. S. as a stowaway from Belgium, struts his stuff with Carole Landis at Fort Crook, Nebr. After the dance, Carole planted a kiss on Joe's kisser and got three back.

Caribbean Leper Isle Held No Terror for This Sarge

Camp Van Dorn, Miss.—1st Sgt. Clyde B. Cobb of Headquarters Company; 2d Battalion, 144th Infantry, has already picked the place he'll call home after the duration plus six—a cozy little leper colony in the Caribbean.



Sgt. Cobb

Shipped there as a member of a Coast Artillery unit of the North Carolina National Guard, Sgt. Cobb was stationed on the island for 25 months, and he says it was an island paradise. "It was a toss-up," he says, "who were the more curious — the soldiers or the lepers."

Disinfecting the leper colony's jail for use as a supply depot, his outfit found an ancient log that listed the members of the colony with a method of identifying each one—such as "José Armadillo, alias José One-Leg."

Although his stay on the island did have its slightly grisly aspects, the nights were cool, the beaches were ideal for swimming and everything was dirt cheap. "I wouldn't leave until they twisted my arm," says Cobb.

COMBINED OPERATIONS

Camp Stoneman, Calif.—A Stoneman GI took his girl friend into a spot and ordered two cokes. When he started to pay, he discovered to his embarrassment that he had only 15 cents, and the cokes were 20 cents. A sailor sitting alongside him noticed his predicament. Neither said a word, but as the sailor looked upward he unobtrusively slipped a nickel into the soldier's hand without the girl friend's being aware of it.

As he walked out the sailor had a happy expression on his face, as if to say: "You'd have done the same for me, chum."

Puerto Ricans at Bliss

Fort Bliss, Tex.—The Antiaircraft Artillery Training Center, which has played host to British and Mexican troops in the past, is the present home of two battalions of Antiaircraft Artillery troops from Puerto Rico. The Puerto Ricans have served more than two years in the Caribbean area and are going through a refresher course here before being sent to other theaters of war. Most of them speak English.

One of the little ironies of being in the U. S. is that they are receiving less pay than they did in their native land. There they received 20 percent overseas pay for services outside of the continental limits of the U. S. Now they don't get the extra 20 percent, although from their point of view they are serving overseas.

Slight of build, but wiry and sturdy, the Puerto Rican soldiers average about 20 pounds lighter than GIs from the U. S. They are excellent athletes, capable of standing up admirably on long marches, and having been reared in the Tropics fits them for jungle fighting. Their officers say they are apt pupils, absorb instruction well and easily adjust themselves to new conditions.

Has Million in War Bonds

Camp Stewart, Ga.—A record in individual purchases of War Bonds was established on this post when Pvt. Fred H. Drucker, a former customer's man on the New York Stock Exchange, bought bonds totaling $500,000 within a seven-day period. Drucker, who is 35 years old and a mail clerk for the 8th Battalion, now holds more than $1,000,000 in War Bonds. "War Bonds are the best investment on the market," he says.

During the Fifth War Loan Drive the 8th Battalion won the post bond-buying contest because of purchases by Drucker.

Greek-Born Wac Cheered By Liberation of Athens

Walker AAF, Kans.—The liberation of Athens has fulfilled the first enlistment aim of Pvt. Elpinike Vasilake, who was the first Greek-born American woman to join the WAC.

Pvt. Vasilake

Within 10 days last January, Pvt. Vasilake became a citizen, sold her home, bought $3,200 worth of War Bonds and joined the WAC. Two brothers were fighting with the Greek Army, another was a doctor in Athens and her mother and sister were in battered Crete the last time Pvt. Vasilake heard from her native land in 1939.

Pvt. Vasilake, assigned to the parachute department here, feels it is no more than right that she should belong to the WAC since its insignia depicts Pallas Athene, the Greek goddess of war and wisdom.

Spots of a Different Color

Inglewood AAF, Calif.—The classifications officer was interviewing permanent-party men to determine whether they were in the groove on their assignments. He glanced over Cpl. Kenneth Lowry's Form 20 and asked: "Have you kept up-to-date on your spotting activities, corporal?"

"Well, sir," said Lowry, a little puzzled, "I've read a little about it, but I've sort of lost interest in it for the duration."

"That's hardly the proper attitude to take, corporal!" said the officer sharply.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I can't see why," said Lowry.

Subsequent remarks clarified the situation, and when Lowry and the officer parted they were both smiling. It seems that when Lowry was being interviewed for classification at his induction center, he stated that he had been a spotter. So, on his classifications form, he was put down as an aircraft spotter. But his spotting hadn't had anything to do with Messerschmitts or Zeros. He had worked in a dry-cleaning plant back in Ohio.

—Sgt. SHELBY FRIEDMAN

Mascot Tarzan demonstrates how he packs a load

A Mule at Fort Sill Inspires Name for Submarine

Fort Sill, Okla.—Nailed proudly to the conning tower of the U. S. submarine *Hardhead* is a pair of worn but gleaming muleshoes from the mule for whom the submarine is named.

This honored animal, Tarzan, has a reputation for being hardheaded, tough and one of the most mulish mules with Battery C of the 26th Battalion. But to the men of the *Hardhead*, who don't have to face his flying heels or cajole him out of his stubbornness, he is an inspiration.

The battle insignia of the *Hardhead* is a caricature of Tarzan, his heels in the air, blasting a Jap ship out of the water. Pictures of the iron-tempered mule decorate the mess and crew's quarters of the submarine.

Lt. Cmdr. F. McMaster, commander of the *Hardhead*, is the son of a pack-artillery officer, Col. Richard H. McMaster. From his boyhood at Army posts in the U. S., the Philippines and Canal Zone he knew how tough and hard-hitting an Army mule can be. That's why he was interested when Brig. Gen. R. E. Lee, assistant commander of the Fort Sill Field Artillery Replacement Center, told him about Tarzan.

The *Recorder*, the Replacement Center newspaper, furnished the photographs of the mule that are posted in the submarine.

Booby-Trap Booby

Camp Polk, La.—Sgt. Edward Mihelic of Albertson, N. Y., booby-trap expert of the 32d AAA Group, didn't believe in classroom lectures. He planted booby traps all over the outdoor instruction area. They were under the barracks steps, on the water fountains, in foot lockers, in vehicles and under beds. He scared the daylights out of guys, but they came to appreciate the trickiness and effectiveness of the various traps and learned the importance of being careful.

The sergeant kept a close watch on his equipment but somehow overlooked a few odds and ends that disappeared. He planted a few more traps, scared a few more slow learners, then gave them a few words of advice.

"Let that be a lesson to you," Mihelic said. "Never do things blindly. Just keep your eyes open and you'll never get caught. Keep your eyes open."

So saying, he went upstairs to get dressed for the evening, opened his foot locker and *bang!*

Sgt. Mihelic is still the booby-trap instructor but for some reason he now prefers classroom lectures. So do the men. They can now stroll through the battery area without wearing combat suits.

—Cpl. WALTER CANTOR

Eagle Without Feathers

Fort Warren, Wyo.—Col. Graves B. McGary, former post CO, has a dry humor that comes to light in unexpected ways. One evening during Frontier Days in Cheyenne, he and a group of fellow officers attired in cowboy togs entered a bar. They found themselves alongside a polluted private, who was proclaiming that he favored life in the wide-open spaces.

"When this here war's over," he declared, "I'm going to get me a ranch and be a sure-enough cowhand."

As he paused to note the effect of his words, Col. McGary leaned toward him and spoke confidentially. "Do you know," said he, "that after this rodeo is over I believe I'll hang up my chaps and join the Army."

The private leered at the colonel. "Bah," he snorted. "You join the Army! Why the Army wouldn't have a gray-haired old codger like you!"

Col. McGary just grinned, but one of the group, a lieutenant colonel, almost choked on his drink.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Fort McClellan, Ala.—Cpl. David Stickle, former member of the staff of the *Cycle*, is a resourceful man. He was called before the OCS Board in mid-afternoon, was accepted before mess call, was all packed by midnight and was on his way to Fort Benning early next morning. He solved the laundry problem by departing in Cpl. Fred Smith's shirt and Sgt. August Polgle's trousers. He took the rest of his gear with him in Pvt. Jack Pickering's barracks bag.

Lake Placid RS, N. Y.—Thirteen has been the magic number for T-5 Bob Spaulding, who reported to the AGF and ASF Redistribution Station here on Friday, the 13th. Spaulding, who is from Medina, N. Y., was the 13th man to sign in at 1930 hours, which adds up to 13. If that isn't enough, the letters in his own name add up to 13 and the convoy on which he returned took 13 days in crossing.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Now studying at the Coast Guard Signal School at this ASFTC, Pvt. Dimitrios Goulandris survived five torpedoings while he was in the Merchant Marine. He experienced three of the sinkings during the Spanish Civil War and the other two since the outbreak of this war.

Camp Polk, La.—Walking up to the kitchen truck in search of breakfast just after he had come off guard, Pfc. Phillip E. Carroll was challenged by the cook: "Halt, who's there?" After Carroll had identified himself, the cook yelled: "Advance and be fed."

Cambridge, Mass.—Acting 1st Sgt. George C. Vaughan, inspecting the quarters of the Harvard AST Unit, came upon a neglected window sill and in the dust he printed the word "dirty." Returning next day to check the room, he found the "dirty" still undisturbed, but underneath it someone had written "where?"

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Cpl. Joe Smith of Abbeville, La., likes to proclaim that he is descended from Adam and Eve. When his barracksmates give him the laugh, he pulls out a copy for his birth certificate from his home town and reads it to them: "Joseph Smith, born to Eve Smith and Adam Smith."

SUTTON SPARKS GET HOTFOOT

Camp Sutton, N. C.—The traditional red flannels of firemen are matched these days by the faces of members of Fire Department Headquarters of this post. They awakened one day to find their own quarters going up in smoke. Prompt action held the damage to $2,000. Cause of the fire: spontaneous combustion of oily rags.

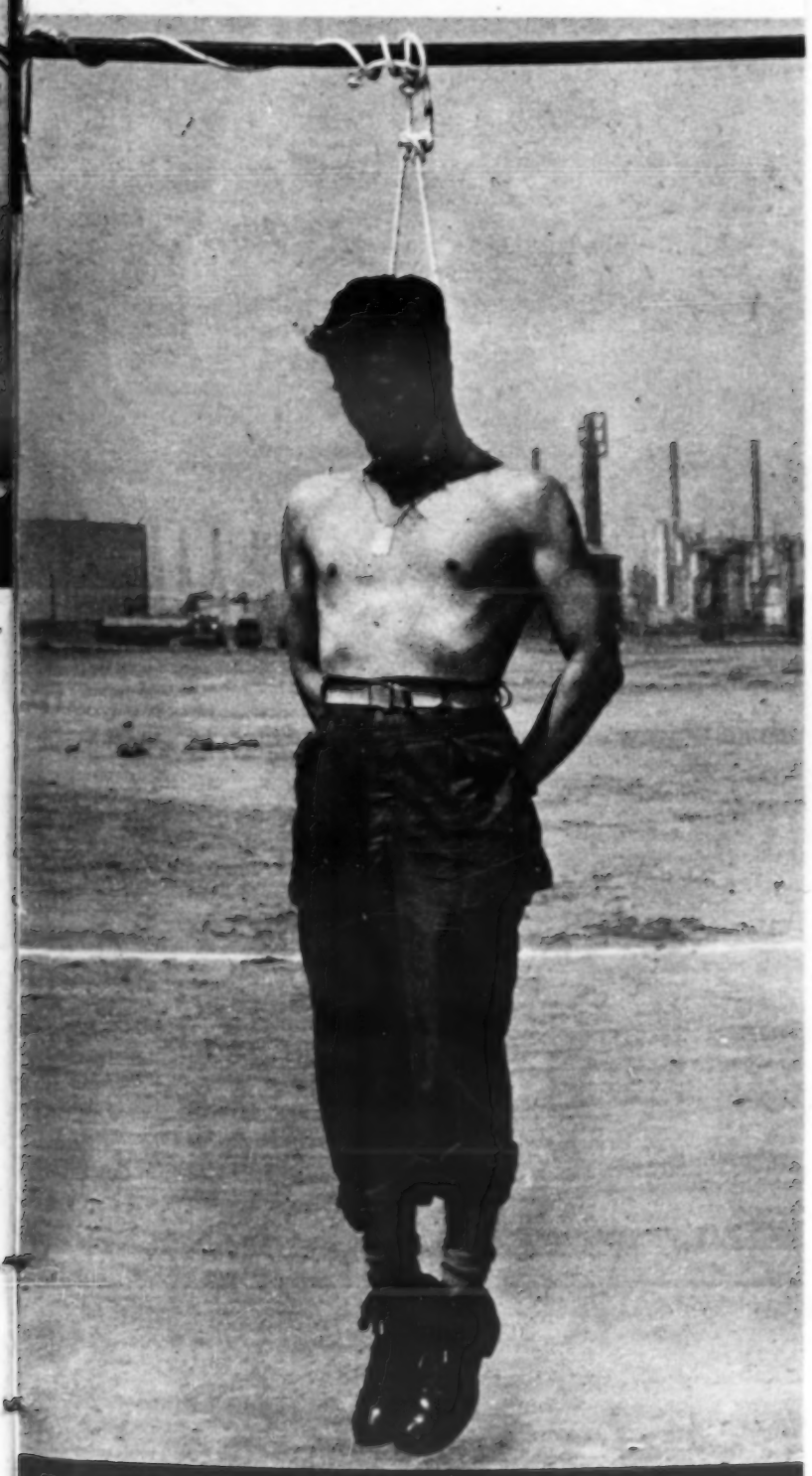
He Who Fights, Etc.

Camp Bowie, Tex.—It happened during field maneuvers when Combat Command A (Reds) of the 13th Armored Division was opposing Combat Command B (Blues). The Red Artillery units—the 496th and 497th Armored Field Artillery Battalions—had just begun a rolling barrage when an Artillery umpire came running up to a spot where an observer from the 93d Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron was standing.

"Artillery barrage," yelled the umpire. "You're a casualty."

The reconnaissance man did not hesitate. He took off with full steam up and the arbiter followed him in hot pursuit waving the flag signifying the artillery fire. The umpire had his hands on the man when he suddenly fell into a foxhole. The "dead" cavalryman made good his escape.

CAMP NEWS



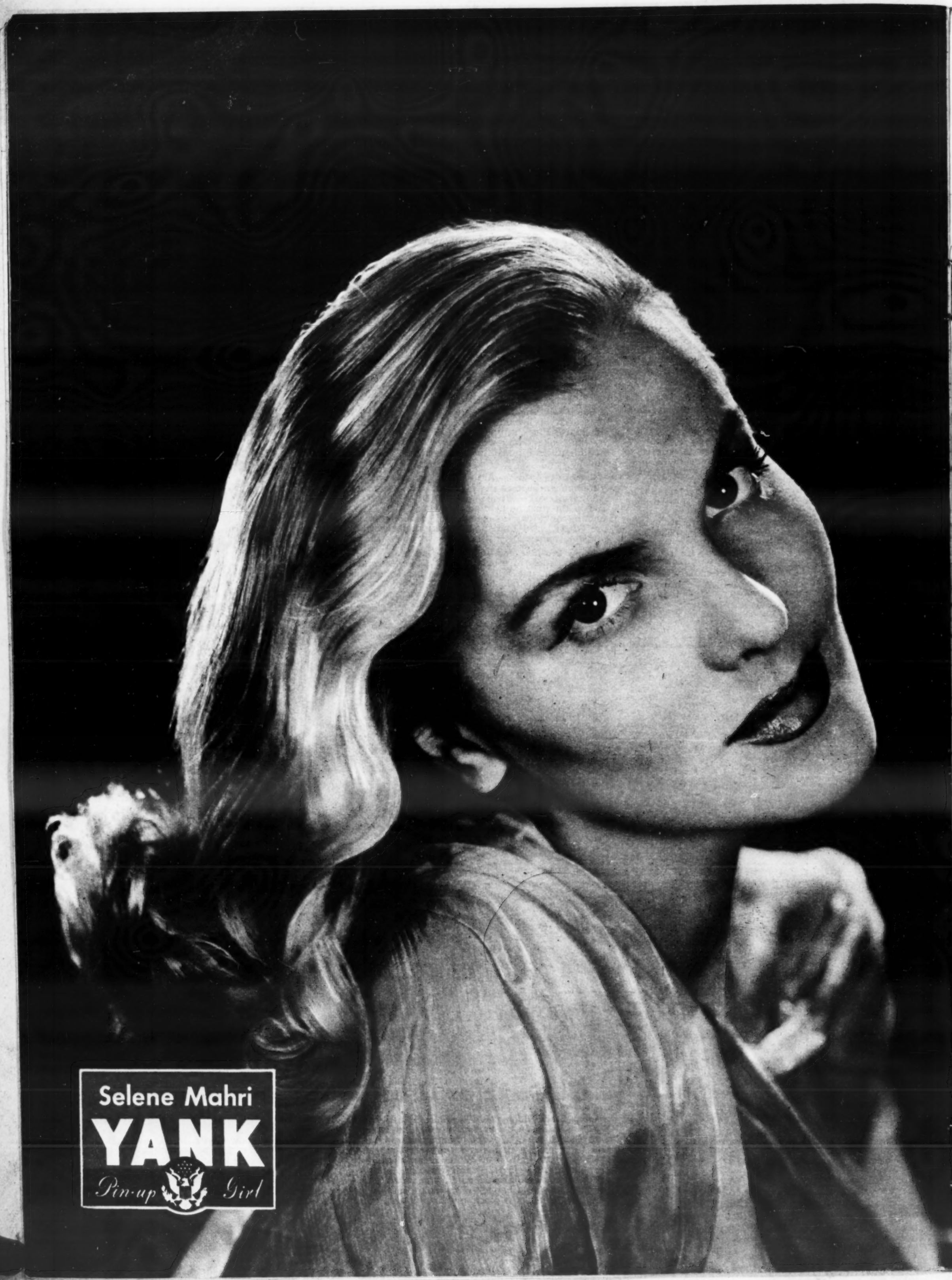
NICE EXERCISE. At the Long Beach (Calif.) ATC base, Cpl. Ray Ladrick amuses himself by hanging. His double-jointed neck comes in handy.

GI Guzzler Uses Glass for His Chaser

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—When S/Sgt. Herman O. Nelson drops in for dinner, his friends hide the choice glassware. It's not unusual for him to drink his drink and then eat the glass.

Nelson, who hails from White Lake, Minn., has been eating glass for 12 years. It started, he says, when he was drinking beer in a tavern and wondered what would happen if he took a bite out of the glass. He bit off a piece, munched it and found it didn't hurt him. Since then he has been a social success. At one party he chewed a glass to bits and washed it down with beer from a broken bottle. Another night, before witnesses, he ate 24 glasses at a cafe in Evansville, Ind.

As mess sergeant for Company K, 290th Infantry, 75th Division, Nelson is tired of having wiseacres tell him that if he can eat his own food he can eat anything.


Selene Mahri
YANK
Pin-up Girl

The Poets Cornered

A Soldier's Thought of Home

To the top of that tree-clad hill I go,
And towards my father I gaze,
Till with my mind's eye his form I espy,
And my mind's ear hears how he says:
"Alas for my son on service abroad!
He rests not from morning till eve.
May he careful be, and come back to me!
While he is away, how I grieve!"

To the top of that barren hill I climb,
And towards my mother I gaze,
Till with my mind's eye her form I espy,
And my mind's ear hears how she says:
"Alas for my child on service abroad!
He never in sleep shuts an eye.
May he careful be, and come back to me!
In the wild may his body not lie!"

Up the lofty ridge I, toiling, ascend,
And towards my brother I gaze,
Till with my mind's eye his form I espy,
And my mind's ear hears how he says:
"Alas! my young brother, serving abroad,
All day with his comrades must roam.
May he careful be, and come back to me,
And die not away from his home!"

This poem, an ancient Chinese lyric, is reprinted from Lin Yutang's "Wisdom of China and India" with the permission of the publishers, Random House.

THE YEARS WITH YOU

This bit of dust, this image, man,
Sits pensive while the Pipes of Pan
Play on.
This lump of clay the potter formed
Must surely, though the heart is warmed,
Be gone.

Come tarry here, come sit with me;
Together we must surely be
As one.
Come, hold my hand, for we shall stay
Together now, until the day
Is done.

This dusty atom, were it blown
In travel, could not be, alone,
As sweet.
Companion dust, as on the way
We travel, you make life a day
Complete.

What matters then the mark of years?
The bowl, if cracked? For surely tears
Will dry.
Earth-forms shall have a life to give
And, loving, each to each shall live
And die.

This dying dust, this clay of man
Reflecting, while the hours hold
Their trust.
This love will stay a flame that burns
Undying, though the man returns
To dust.

George Field, Ill. —Pvt. L. MARTIN COURTNEY III

HOLIDAY THOUGHT

In the most distant places that you've ever read of,
On continent, island and isthmus,
Our soldiers are thinking of peace instead of
How many days until Christmas.

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. —O/C A. L. CROUCH

THE SONGS OF ORPHEUS

II—Purple Hyacinths in a Steel Helmet

This is France.
This is the war.
This is the three thousand miles away
From the taxicabs slamming
Their brakes against the curb,
From the waves of heat quivering
Out of the pavements in August,
From drinking coffee in the all-night joint
Across from the station,
From buying bright neckties at the Astor shirt shop
And guzzling cheap Scotch
In the dives down in the Village,
From the rain falling on the statues in the park,
From the wind panting in the dark trees
At night.

Her name was Antoinette
After France's gayest, saddest queen.
Trembling, smiling
Antoinette;
Afraid, yet laughing,
Knowing not whether to trust or flee,
Only certain of mirth.

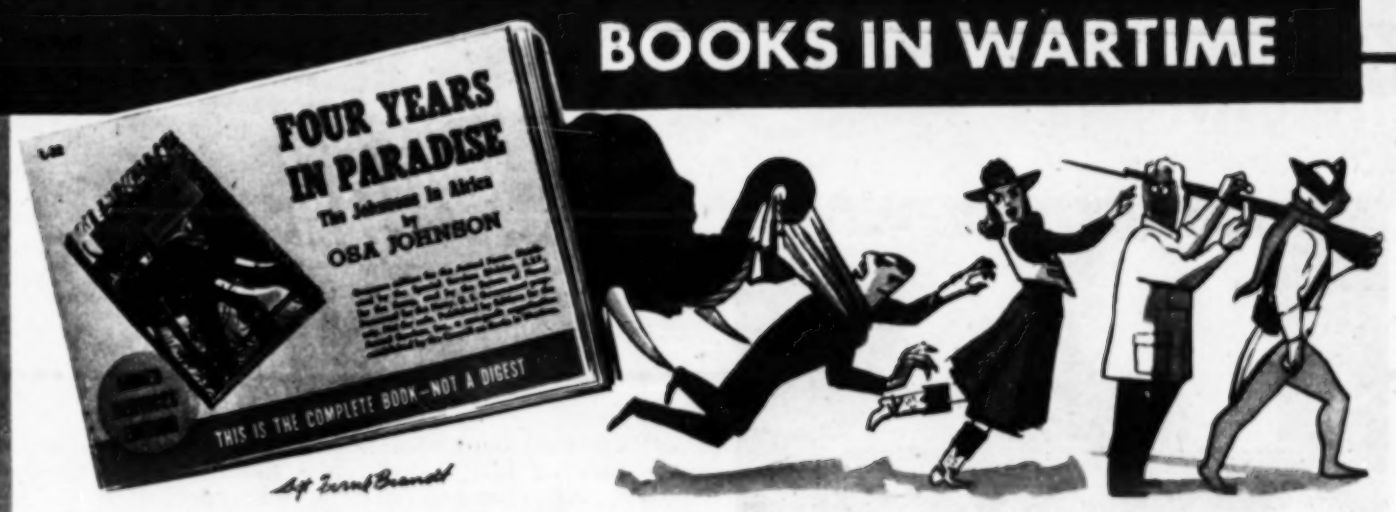
We stood on the hill
Watching the twilight
Fall like a closing eyelid
Over the valley,
Our faces cool now
After the scalding exit of the sun,
My helmet filled with the hyacinths we'd picked,
And the night's breezes
Moving locks of dark hair
Over her cheek.

Like a tiny child at the throne
Of an empress
I handed her a flower
And smiled into her dark eyes.

She is no longer gay.
She is no longer afraid.

France —Pfc. JOHN M. BEHM

BOOKS IN WARTIME



THESE are the 32 titles in the twelfth or "L" series of the Armed Service Editions, the pocket-sized paper-bound books published monthly by the Council on Books in Wartime. There are 98,000 copies of each title in the series, an increase of 2,000 per title over the preceding series. The Army will receive 76,000 copies of each title, the Navy 20,000 and Americans who are prisoners of war 2,000. The books are distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF, for the Army and by the Bureau of Navy Personnel for the Navy.

L-1 A BOOK OF AMERICANS *By Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet*
Sixty light poems about people in American history.

L-2 MY LIFE AND HARD TIMES *By James Thurber*
The life of a young man in Columbus, Ohio, told in one of the funniest books ever written in America.

L-3 KILGOUR'S MARE *By Henry G. Lamond*
Australian real-life story of a horse.

L-4 ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT *By James Stephens*
Seven Irish short stories by the author of "The Crock of Gold."

L-5 PORGY *By Du Bose Heyward*
The story of Negro life in Charleston, S. C., which has become a classic.

GAZING at that face across the way leaves a man in a dazed state where all his supposed humor vanishes and he is just able to mumble a few facts. The name is Selene Mahri. She is a Powers model and such a good one that simply for letting the camera look at her she is paid $25 an hour. Every hour. Her eyes are blue, her hair is blond; she is 5 7 tall and weighs 125.

L-6 GREAT POEMS FROM CHAUCER TO WHITMAN *Edited by Louis Untermeyer*
A selection of poetry ranging from the 14th Century of Chaucer to the America of Walt Whitman.

L-7 WHAT BECAME OF ANNA BOLTON *By Louis Bromfield*
Anna was born on the wrong side of the tracks in a small Ohio town and became known in every European town.

L-8 MONTANA RIDES AGAIN *By Evan Evans*
Plenty of gunplay, knife work and gore.

L-9 THE SHERIFF'S SON *By William McLeod Raine*
Another Western.

L-10 HAPPY STORIES, JUST TO LAUGH AT *By Stephen Leacock*
Funny despite the nauseating title.

L-11 ROARING RIVER RANGE *By Arthur Henry Gooden*
"Been too many killin's out here in this man's land," says one of the characters.

L-12 THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY *By Frances Eisenberg*
A funny novel about a wacky family.

L-13 THE KING BIRD RIDES *By Max Brand*
A Western by a correspondent who was killed by enemy action in Italy.

L-14 THE SEA IS SO WIDE *By Evelyn Eaton*
A historical novel about the expulsion of the Arcadians from Canada.

L-15 OMOO *By Herman Melville*
A classic story about the South Seas by the author of "Moby Dick."

L-16 HACKBERRY CAVALIER *By George Sessions Perry*
Rosy views of life and love among the dirt farmers.

L-17 TURNABOUT *By Thorne Smith*
Another of Smith's sexy, modern fairy tales, this time about a husband and wife who swap bodies.

L-18 400 MILLION CUSTOMERS *By Carl Crow*
A fascinating book about what the Chinese are really like.

L-19 FISH AND TIN FISH *By Philip Wylie*
Short stories about fishermen.

L-20 EMINENT VICTORIANS *By Lytton Strachey*
Scholarly and fascinating biographies of three men and a woman.

L-21 COUNTRY CURED *By Homer Croy*
The biography of a humorist who was born on a farm.

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How various branches of science play their part in the war.

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Another novel of frontier life.

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The novelization of a real murder case by one of the masters of the horror story.

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The classic horror story about the days when a bloodsucker was what the name implies.

L-26 WICKFORD POINT *By John P. Marquand*
The story of a New England family.

L-27 I, CLAUDIUS *By Robert Graves*
A historical novel about poison, incest, black magic and unnatural vice among the old Romans.

L-28 SELECTED SHORT STORIES *By Thomas Mann*
Some of the best-known stories by one of the great writers of this day.

L-29 LUST FOR LIFE *By Irving Stone*
A novelized story about Vincent Van Gogh, the artist who loved six women.

L-30 OF HUMAN BONDAGE *By W. Somerset Maugham*
One of the greatest English novels, based in part on Maugham's own life.

L-31 THE LAND IS BRIGHT *By Archie Binns*
A story of the migration to Oregon.

L-32 FOUR YEARS IN PARADISE *By Osa Johnson*
A bright story about darkest Africa.

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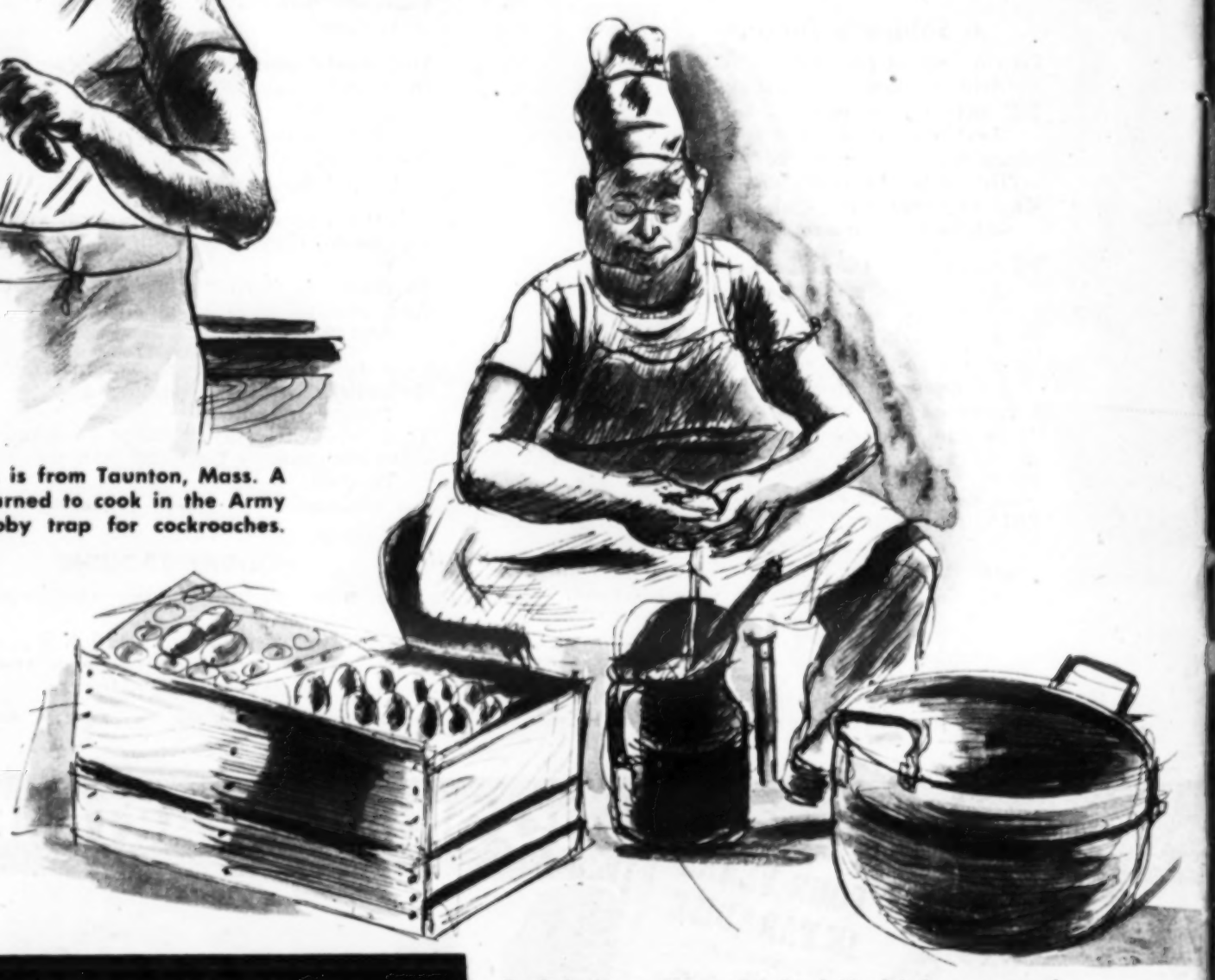
COOKS

These are three of the cooks of School Company 2 of the Student and Service Regiment at Fort Belvoir, Va. Sgt. Paul Galdone of that company drew them because he thinks the cooking in their mess is the best he's found since he came into the Army.

T-4 Tom Soden, first cook, is from Taunton, Mass. A former silk-twister, he learned to cook in the Army and has invented a booby trap for cockroaches.

Pfc. Calvin Epler came to the Army from Reading, Pa., where he worked before the war as a fireman in a foundry and as a mixer in a candy factory.



Back in Lynn, Mass., T-5 Paul (Dodo) Sassone made meat sauce for a spaghetti place. His cakes are masterpieces except when his girl doesn't write.

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

The Haven

PVT. Elwood Dollingsworth lay on his cot in the guardhouse, oblivious to the snoring of the drunk beside him, and reflected on the events that had led up to his doom.

He had been happy with his little wife Janice, back in Irontown, Minn. As an accountant for the town's only department store, he had commanded a great deal of respect in the commercial circles of the city and considered himself to have attained a favorable station in life. That was before his mother-in-law moved in to shatter his domestic tranquillity.

Then it was "Elwood, do this" and "Elwood, do that" and "Elwood, you should show more consideration for Janice; help her with those dishes" and "Elwood, you need more money to run this house; ask the boss for a raise" until he hated the sound of his own name.

He couldn't throw his poor damned mother-in-law out into the street and he couldn't bear to stay at home any longer. He had played with the thought of poisoning the old witch but he lacked the moral courage.

Then came the war.

Here, thought Elwood, was the chance to get away for a breather. So he tried to enlist, but the inducting doctors said: "Sorry, Mr. Dollingsworth, your eyes are very bad. Better go home to your wife."

So he went home to his mother-in-law, and life became darker and darker, though not from defective vision.

Elwood was about to join the Merchant Marine when he read the good news in the paper one evening. He read it once. Then he removed his glasses and read it again, just to make sure he was right. He was, and it made him so glad he'd have liked to kiss Gen. Hershey on the cheek right then and there. The Army was going to take men for limited service, and that meant he would have a chance.

Two weeks later an Infantry officer raised his right hand and swore 52 men into the Army of the United States in a drab, stuffy room whose only hints of color came from the flag hanging behind the officer and from the flushed, excited face of Elwood Dollingsworth repeating the oath in the front row.

Pvt. Dollingsworth was happy in the service. No worries. No mother-in-law. He had a Class F allotment for his wife, and she had a part-time job to ease the financial strain. His buddies called him Dolly, and he finished basic with a bang.

Then came assignments. He asked for line duty with the Infantry, but the classification officer said: "Pvt. Dollingsworth, with your eyes you might as well ask for strawberries in the mule shed." He didn't get the connection, but he got an assignment—as file clerk in the personnel office at post headquarters.

For three months Elwood filed and refiled, decimaled and redecimaled, and life was good. There was a promise of pfc ahead. And then it happened.

Capt. John Savage, FA, personnel adjutant, had been itching at his post for some time, and it was common knowledge that his greatest desire was to get overseas. Elwood knew it, too, and realized that his captain would be leaving him when a replacement came. And for the first time in his Army career, Elwood was lonely.

But he needn't have been.

He lay even more quiet on his guardhouse cot as he remembered that fateful day when Capt. Savage had come whooping into the office, waving his orders in the air. Then the captain left, promising that the new adjutant was on the way.

It was that same afternoon when Dollingsworth was picking lazily through a file basket of circulars, AR changes, memos and special orders that the thunderbolt struck and struck hard. For there was the order assigning the new personnel adjutant to his office. He read it once. Then he removed his glasses and read it again, just to make sure he was right. He was. The WAC lieutenant slated to be the new personnel chief was his own mother-in-law.

It was then that Pvt. Dollingsworth had placed a field mouse in the adjutant's top right-hand desk drawer and taken off for the woods. That was 39 days ago. They had picked him up and brought him to the guardhouse only yesterday.

Pvt. Dollingsworth looked at the bars in the window and smiled happily. The court martial, he decided, would give him at least a year.

Then he sighed comfortably and went to sleep.

SU, Madison, Wis. —Sgt. WENDELL PALMER

PORTRAIT OF A DEBUTANTE

Surrounded by magnificence galore
She lounges on a couch and dangles rare,
Expensive jewelry; her upturned hair
Is perched like clustered claret clouds before
The storm descends in gold and silver banners.
She wears a silk brocaded chartreuse gown;
Her lips are tipped vermilion, lashes brown;
Ah, rich her varied ornaments and manners.
She shows her richness in the stilted book
She reads, the snobby way she likes to carry
Herself; she shows it in her glassy look,
In each licentious night-club sex safari
And in the contents of her pocketbook—
She's just the kind of girl I'd like to marry.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS

THE VOICE OF IRE

The howitzer's wrath
Is tender and muted
Compared to a louey
Who has not been saluted.

AAF, Hyde Park, N. Y. —S/Sgt. HENRY LEFER

SPORTS: FOOTBALL CONVERSATION WITH REFERENCES TO NAVY, RANDOLPH FIELD AND ROSE BOWL

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

SADDER but wiser after two months of heavy firing, the coaching clan emerges from its foxholes on the 50-yard line and assembles for its annual mid-season meeting.

Mr. McKeever, how can you look so happy after that awesome licking Navy gave your Notre Dame team?

"I'm just glad we came out of that game alive. We got it and got it good. I tried to tell you from the start we'd lose two or three games this year. Those big scores we were runing up in early games didn't mean a thing. We were looking good because people like Dartmouth, Tulane and Pittsburgh were inferior. When we finally got against a really good team, we just didn't have what it takes.

"Gentlemen, I want to warn you those Navy coaches are the most unobliging people I know. I called Comdr. Hagberg long distance to ask if we could stop Navy with a four-man line, and he wouldn't even come to the phone. Imagine acting like that after I talked Bob Kelly into going to Annapolis next year."

Judging from the way Navy pushed Notre Dame around, Comdr. Hagberg, you could have given Mr. McKeever all your plays and it still wouldn't have mattered.

"Keep that McKeever away from me. I'm not speaking to him. Before the game he came into our dressing room and said he felt like he was sitting in the electric chair. He wanted to know if I'd be willing to settle for a tie. I ignored him. So he got his assistant, Adam Walsh, to bait Rip Miller, my line coach. Adam and Rip, you know, used to play alongside each other on the Four Horseman team.

"Adam asked Rip: 'Remember the first time we ever saw each other in the dressing room, Rip, and wanted to go outside right off and slug it out? Boy, did we hate each other's guts.' Then Rip said nicely: 'Guess it was lucky for both of us we changed our minds.' But Adam said: 'I ain't never changed my mind. How about you and me going outside and settling this game right now.'

"Seriously, gentlemen, it was a relief to see Navy really get going. Before the season started I read so much about what a great team we were supposed to be that I believed it myself. Why, even my scouts told me Carolina Pre-Flight would be easy and I sat back expecting a nice afternoon. That was a mistake, because on page 1 of the coaches' manual it says: 'Never underestimate your opponent.' It took us a long time to learn there was such a thing as third down and six to go."

Col. Blaik, that Army-Navy game looks better and better, even if it's going to be played in the secrecy of Navy's backyard.

"We like to play Navy whether it's in a dark alley or a big stadium. Judging by the results of the last few seasons, maybe they've enjoyed the privacy more. I scouted Navy against Notre Dame and what I saw scared me to death. Navy has everything. After the first team broke Notre Dame's neck, the second team came in and broke their back. This big Navy tackle, Don Whitmire, is all football player. I don't know how we can keep him out of our backfield unless we disguise Herman Hickman (Army's 300-pound line coach) and let him try it.

"But don't think we can't beat Navy. My boys want to get even in the worse way."

Mr. Jess Neely of Rice has his hand up. What's on your mind, Mr. Neely?

"I'd just like to say that Randolph Field down in Texas could probably beat both Navy and Army or anybody else in the world. I don't ever recall seeing so many stars on a team. We kidded ourselves into believing we might play them a good game, because they might not be in the sharpest condition. We learned otherwise. I quit counting the score when it got to 59-0. Somebody told me after the game we had made a first down, but I still don't believe it.

"If anybody beats Randolph Field they'll need two teams on the field at the same time. It will take a nine-man line, six guys to back it up and seven to take care of passes and Bill Dudley. We're not playing Randolph Field next year. We've built enough morale for one war."

Speaking of world beaters, Mr. Widdoes, how about that Ohio State team of yours?

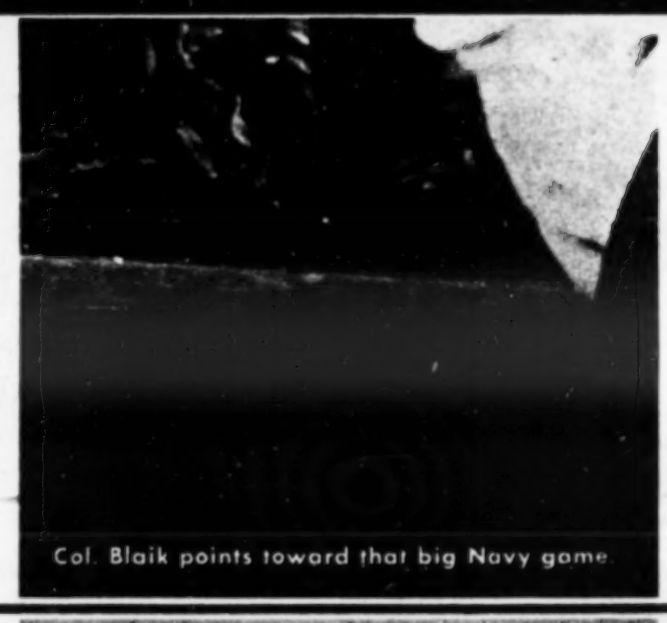
"It's not really my team. I'm only coaching at Ohio State on a rain check. Paul Brown developed this club and dumped it into my lap when he went into the Navy. I've really got an easy job. All I do is look down the bench and ask: 'Who hasn't been in the game yet?'

"Frankly, gentlemen, I didn't know how good we were until we beat Great Lakes. Those 20 points in the fourth quarter convinced me we had the stuff. Les Horvath is the boy who has held our 17-year-olds together. He's a great halfback and I think everyone in the Mid-West knows it. He could play on anybody's team and I'm not excepting Army, Navy, Notre Dame or the Chicago Bears."

Don't look now, Mr. Cravath, but I think that's Southern California's Rose Bowl invitation showing from your right coat pocket.

"Yeah, it came this morning. But look what it says. 'Don't open until after the UCLA game.'"

That's all gentlemen. Back to your foxholes.



Col. Blaik points toward that big Navy game

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Pvt. Porky Oliver, the pro golfer, will be the next big-name athlete to draw a CDD. . . . **Lt. Larry French**, the Dodgers' D-Day pitcher in Normandy, is headed for more action in the Southwest Pacific. . . . **Cpl. Hank Soar** of the football Giants, is on his way overseas, too. . . . **Ken Overlin**, recently discharged from the Navy, won all four of his come-back fights, then tossed in the towel because it was too difficult to keep his creaking muscles in shape. . . . **Lt. Babe Young**, the Giants' slugging first baseman, is shuttling between Cuba and Europe on convoy duty with the Coast Guard. . . . **Sgt. Ernie Bonelli**, halfback star of the Third AAF football team, saw 22 months' action in the African, Sicilian and Italian campaigns. He was wounded in Italy. . . . **Lt. Hank Luisetti**, Stanford's great basketballer, has been stricken with spinal meningitis at the Norfolk (Va.) Naval Station.

JUST POSING. With Comdr. Jack Dempsey looking them over, Sgt. Freddie Mills (left), British light-heavy champ, and Cpl. Billy Conn square off during an AAF boxing show in England. Some day they'll do it for keeps

Tom Young Sp2c, former North Carolina head football coach, is assigned to the Navy's training school at Cornell and helps Carl Snavely with the Big Red team. . . . The **Fifth Army** won't defend its title in the Mediterranean boxing championships, mainly because there's still a big war going on in Italy. . . . According to **Johnny Yonakor**, who ought to know about such things, **Johnny Podesto** of the College of Pacific is just as good a passer as **Angelo Bertelli**. Yonakor, who used to be teamed with Bertelli at Notre Dame, is now pass-catch partner with Podesto at Camp Lejuene, N. C. Bertelli is somewhere in the Pacific. . . . **Lt. Steve Hudacek**, Fordham's Cotton and Sugar Bowl tackle, has written off 79 PT-boat missions in the Southwest Pacific. . . . During his recent visit to Rome, **Lt. Col. Larry MacPhail**, the Dodger boss, was received by the Pope. As the colonel knelt to receive a blessing, the Pope said softly: "I suppose you would like me to bless the Dodgers for you." The colonel was stunned for a minute. Finally he replied: "Your Holiness, I'm afraid it's too late for that. The last time I looked at the standings, they were in last place."

"ORDER UP, BOYS — LAST CALL BEFORE CLOSING."
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

"ALL RIGHT, WHO TURNED OFF THE HOT WATER?"
—Sgt. Tom Zibelli

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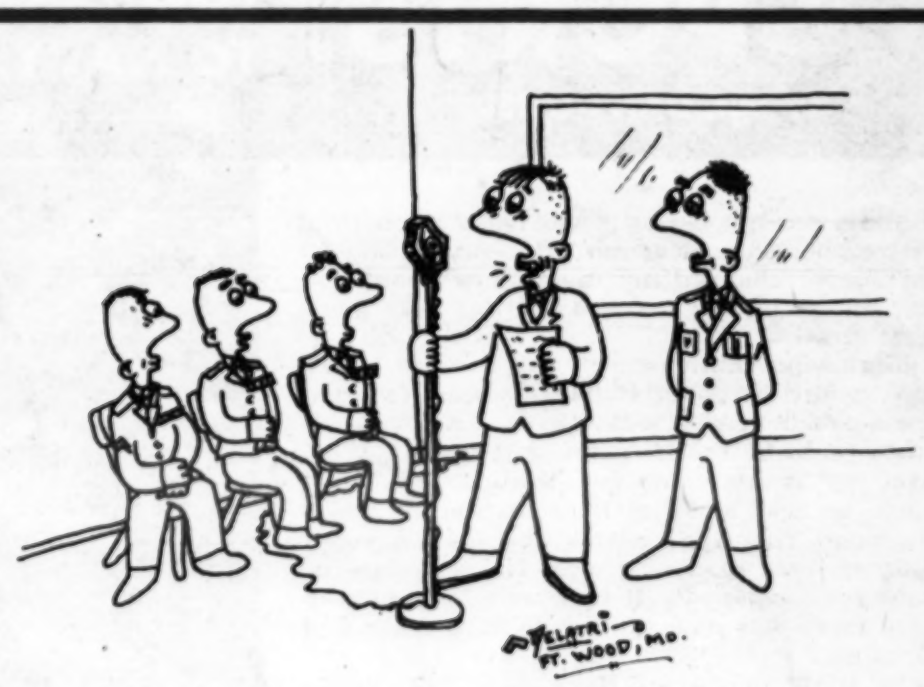
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"MAYBE WE SHOULD GIVE IT BACK."
—Sgt. Arnold Thurm



"NEVER HAVING BEEN OVERSEAS, PFC. BUNTLY WILL TELL YOU ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE UNITED STATES."
—Pfc. Anthony Delatri

"I REALIZE IT'S A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT, RALPH, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IT BEHIND."
—Sgt. Dick Ericson